

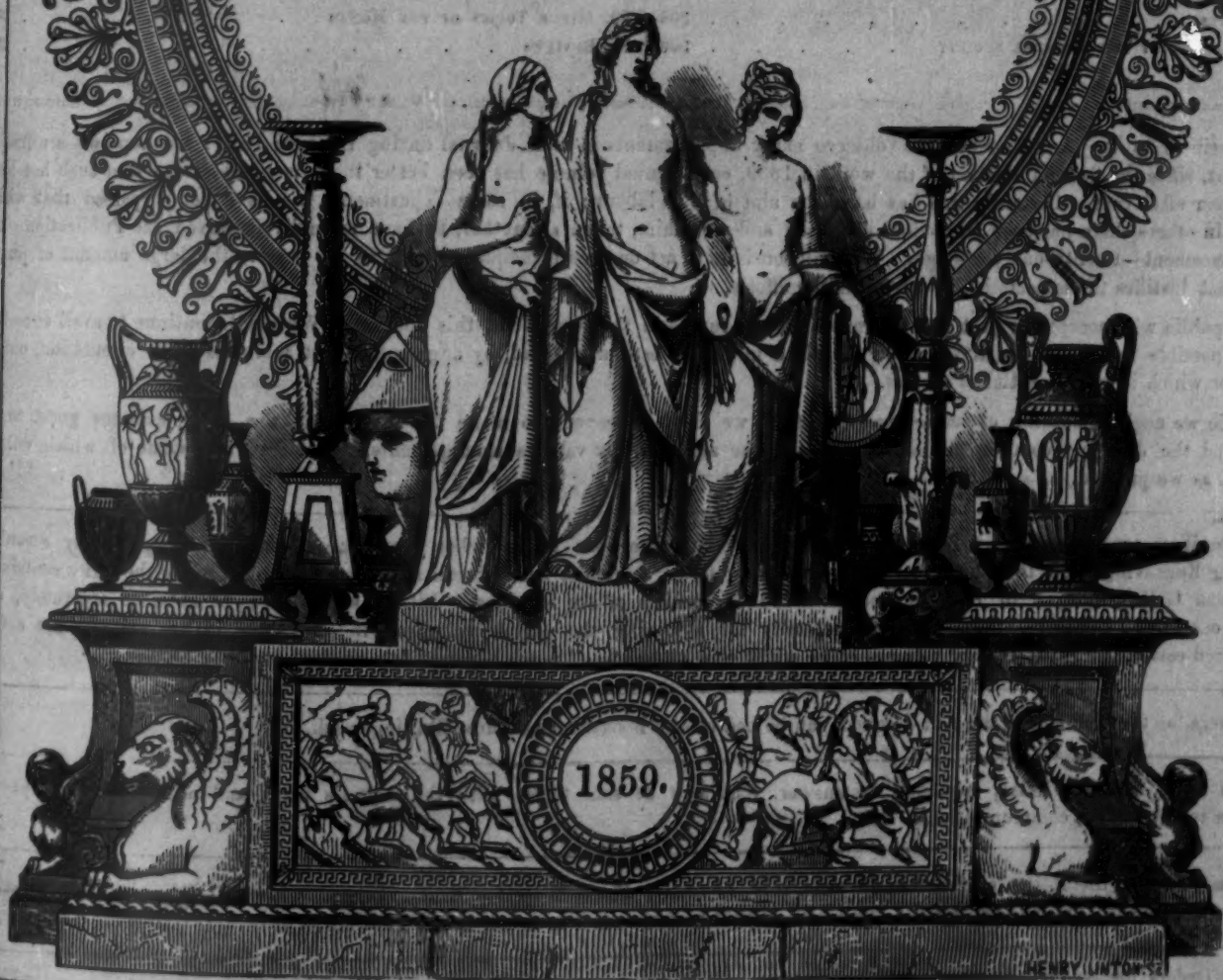
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OCTOBER.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

BARRY IN THE ADELPHI.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.



AM bound to the Adelphi—to one of the range of riverside buildings reared by four Scotch brothers of the name of Adam, whom that stupidly dull royal favourite, the Earl of Bute, patronized. I am bound to the Adelphi, so called from the lucky Scotch Gemini, or rather Trimini, who built Lansdowne House, in Berkeley Square, and furnished houses for Garrick and Topham Beauclerc to live in—and die in, too, which is more. It is a room of the New Society of Arts, where all the *cognoscenti* meet, and where Dr. Johnson sometimes lingers in: Barry, the Irish painter, the dogged, the violent, is there now (August, 1777)—little "Jem"—upon his scaffold, working away, with heavy pound brushes, at Greek warrior and fiddling Orpheus,—working with feverish and angry zeal, for this man is "ever angry."

But, before I open the door, and go in to pay my respects to this fervid genius—this terrible Achilles at the gates of the Academy—let me have my chat about the Adelphi new buildings, and what preceded them before old harlequin Time struck them into new changes. My Scotch brothers had found the river-shore—once the site of Durham House, and its waving episcopal gardens—a corrupt mass of coal-sheds and lay stalls, resting on a swamp of black, port-wine coloured mud; where mud-larks waded in purgatorial sloughs for the flotsom and jetsom of the sewers, and where sin and filth crouched and herded in the darkness. Yet here, on the banks of this sable river—then untarnished silver, as if fresh from the mould—in the fourteenth century, a mitred bishop sat and read his illuminated gospel, glancing now and then from the bright page to observe the cloud-shadows passing over Queenhithe, or the fishermen below his window struggling with the salmon, while their nets were full of splashing silver, and men in hoods watched them as they drew them in. Here once lay Prince Harry of Monmouth, at this "bishop's inn," in sumptuous cloth-of-gold beds, no doubt, some time about the feast of *Septem Fratrum*, in the 12 Henry IV.; feasting too in the marble-pillared hall, stately and high, about where now the London pariahs crouch and sleep, when even the straw-yard and the penny-lodging shut their noisome doors upon their wretchedness. Then Henry VIII. had it, and lodged the French ambassador here in much splendour. And bloody Mary restored it to

the bishop, who had been driven into Thames Street. Before this, the Lady Elizabeth lived in it; and when the long-persecuted queen came to the throne, she gave it to Raleigh, who sported his bravery here, and poetized, and philosophised, and looked sour, and smoked, and ate potatoe-roots sliced with sugar; and talked of America, and perhaps (in his £60,000 dress of jewelled satin) mounted the stairs to his pleasant study, in a little turret overlooking the crystal Thames. Then when another king arose, "who knew not Joseph," this great house was plucked roughly from the gold-dreamer's hands,—but never given again to a bishop. The Lord Keeper Coventry died here, in the rooms so consecrated (as all old houses are) by memories; and then the Earl of Pembroke, whom Clarendon denounces, had it, and a new palace, never begun, was projected by a pupil of Inigo Jones. Then another Earl of Pembroke, more practical, built a sloping river-street row, among the bishop's ruined stables, all in a tangle of dirt, misery, degradation, and mire. It remained till the Adelphi arose and arched over the slope, shut out the black but useful wharves, built a subterranean way, where coal-waggons still emerge from the river to the Strand, and built terraces and streets, which they called after their own names.

Not that Barry, the son of the unsuccessful Cork builder probably knew or thought about this. He is up on his scaffold—Temper, his evil genius, up with him—thinking of the Greeks, and just beginning his six pictures of the *History of Civilization*. He means to be three years only at this noble, gratuitous work, but he will really be (if we poor men could read the future) six years, and they will go well-nigh to break his heart. You hear that jingle in his pocket, when he plunges down at his paint-box for fresh burnt sienna? that is sixteen shillings—all the money the poor fellow has in the world. Dirty, patched coat, frowzy hair, buckleless shoes. No gold-laced hat now, as when he met Nollekens in Rome, or stopped to see the wretched monks daub over, and finally destroy, Leonardo's "Last Supper." He has, to tell the truth, a good deal of the grime and cobweb of that miserable lodging of his in Castle Street about him. He never smiles, he is reckless, dogged, and at bay; he works with clenched teeth—you would think he hated the coloured creatures he is creating; he is dreadfully in earnest, and snaps and bites at every one; he hates courtly Reynolds, and despises portrait-painting; he snubs even Burke, his kind, early patron, because his pride is hurt by feeling the weight of the obligation. He came here at daylight from his dreary solitude of broken windows and ventilating roof to this lofty room, where there is pure light and air. He has been up half the night in his old carpenter's shop, arranging his old sketches and dusty printing-presses, amid cobwebs thick as flannel, engraving at the head of Lord Chatham, or Job, or King Lear, or copying the Birth of Venus, or some drawing for Lord Aldborough, or one of the customers that Nollekens gets him. It is these things give him bread and cheese, and literally keep "the pot a-boiling." He is the Quixote of high Art (so called because it is always hung high at the Academy); there was no grave-gulf so deep but this Irish Curtius was ready to leap into it.

Now, if you want to know how this Adelphi business began, I will tell you briefly. The Academy, full of Italian influence, had determined to inaugurate their starting, and also show their powers, by some great national work, which, if it had not mind in it, should at least have size, which in most places does quite as well. The dome of St. Paul's was to be decorated with twenty-feet square pictures, but the London bishop was stiff-necked and Protestant—he refused his consent, the project

fell to the ground. The Academy volunteered, and was refused; the Society of Arts, wishing craftily to avail itself of this now wasting enthusiasm for pre-historic art, offered the Academy its rooms in the Adelphi for adornment; the Academy sulked, and rejected the offer—it had been willing, it was refused, now others were willing, they refused—resembling the old proverb of lovers—

"He who would not when he may,
When he would shall have Nay."

Barry, our little pockmarked savage friend on the scaffold up there, had watched both these negotiations with intense eagerness. He had been ready to rush at St. Paul's, and scale the dome. He was also ready first of the Academicians to knock at the door in John Street. He at once came forward and offered to do what the Academy had wished to do for the dome, but refused to the inner chamber. He railed at landscape and portrait painters: both were without mind, and rendered English Art despised over the world. He would vindicate his country—he, James Barry, the quondam sailor-boy!—Irish Barry, the stubborn enthusiast!

Money he despised; but still he had stipulations to make. He must be left entirely and uncontrolled to his own judgment; he must have free admission at all hours; and his models and colours must be duly paid for. With much-astonished babble the Society accepted promptly his proposal; and there, as you see him, he is working like a dragon.

Bad Temper was Barry's demon. Poor, wrong-headed Barry! what frets, and galling vexations and angers, run riot in your brain! Pride and sour temper stare at your elbows, from whence your good genius has long since fled. If you go on thus, it must come some day to the dreadful razor-gash, that cures the heaviest care, or, worse still, the dark cell, littered with straw. Be wise. Forgive, as you would be forgiven. Remember, that after all, there are more serious things in life even than Art.

Barry has a dozen different bugbears that haunt him in this Adelphi room;—that mop and mow at him behind the canvas,—that spoil his brushes,—that mix his colours,—that put on the faces of old *dilettanti*, with bent knees, and hands over their eyes, and try to drive him mad. One is the Protestant bugbear, for Barry is a bigoted Roman Catholic. How he bursts out and rails at this monster of his imagination. How he flings empty paint-bladders at it, and stabs at it with thrusts of his palette-knife, and blows of his maul-stick! He swears out his arguments at it alone, so that quiet Jonas Hanway, and other mild visitors, coming in suddenly, must think him a Stylites possessed. "Negative and self-satisfied religion," he cries, "roots out imagination!—Religion which is the grave of Art, of genius, and sensibility, crushing all our finer and more spiritual part,—regulating the outward man by a torpid, inanimate composure, gravity, and indifference!" This lean imp in sordid black, with eyes turned up, and hands crossed where its heart ought to be, was Barry's Protestant bugbear,—the one he used to draw his Quixotic two-handed sword and aim such special, dreadful blows at.

In the next corner, behind that pile of sketches of naked figures, lurks his *dilettante* bugbear,—the miserable foppish creature, with the glass always up to its eye, or a roll of paper arranged like a telescope. It talks of "the air of Guido, the grace of the C'razy, and the Correggiosity of Correggio;" and did so when Sterne and Barry and Nollekens met in picture galleries at Rome—the Borghese, for instance. It cries that Reynolds cannot draw; that his colouring is blue and red; that he steals what he has, and spoils what he



steals; that Gainsborough's landscapes are mere nosegays; and that West has no idea of either drawing or real Art. Barry curses and lashes out at this particular demon,—laughs at the sham old black pictures it buys—the *fine invisible old pictures*;—roars at the bad copies of bad originals it purchases—the daubing copies of two-hundred-year-old third-rate masters—the “first thoughts,” the “duplicates,” the “second thoughts, with alterations.”

Then there is his Royal Academy demon—there, perched up behind him—imitating and mocking him as he paints Dr. Burney, in full-bottomed wig, teaching the sea-nymphs to swim! Sometimes this creature wears the face of Reynolds, sometimes of Moser, sometimes of Cotes, but always of an R.A. who hates high Greek Art. He loves to worry it by contemning Titian; saying that Raphael has not much expression; that Michael Angelo was too ostentatiously learned; that neither had anything in all their works so correctly beautiful as the Venus de Medici, so truly good as the bust of Alexander, so sublime as the Apollo. He worries this formal and conventional demon by declaring that at one fell swoop he should erase from the roll of true fame the names of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Teniers. As for the Academic pictures of lemon-peel, oysters, and their mere tricks of colour, he would away with them all to the great yawning dust-hole of oblivion!

Sometimes, when our poor genius indeed thinks of his sordid lodgings, with its cobweb hangings, dirt, and sordour,—its rusty grate, its inch deep of dust,—he fancies all the world against him, and demons of Protestantism and dilettante-ism grinning from every panel. It was in such a mood—enraged with Reynolds and the face painters, and Gainsborough and the landscape painters, and everything and everybody—he resolved to paint this room, as a proof and an example—he, with sixteen shillings in his pocket—to the fools and to the sordid!

He had many dreams in his head,—the Progress of Theology, to wit; the Progress of the Mosaic Doctrines, for instance; and the Coming of the Saviour, for example,—but the six pictures he is now at work on illustrate

THE PROGRESS OF HUMAN IMPROVEMENT.

The *first* will be the Story of Orpheus; the *second*, the Feast of Ceres; the *third*, the Olympian Games; the *fourth*, the Triumph of the Navigators (with a side compliment to the Thames); the *fifth* (rather wandering off to parochial subjects), the sublime ceremony of the Distribution of Prizes by the Society of Arts; and after this, straight from John Street, Adelphi, up to Elysium, where the *sixth* picture shows us the state of final retribution,—that is to say, according to heathen mythology, from which Christianity, in several small respects, is generally supposed to differ.

Now, with all respect to high Art, and our irascible little Irish friend, Mr. Barry, in particular, I must say (I hope he will not hear me) that this is rather a strange, jumbled allegory! Human progress, the Society of Arts, the Thames, and Elysium,—what ingredients for an Art *omelette*? Let us look closer.

First, Orpheus, a mythical legislator, philosopher, and poet, in a wild country, improvising his laws, by help of his lyre, to Greek savages armed with clubs and clad in skins. To show that the people are as yet strong, yet foolish, we have in the background a woman milking a goat at the door of a hut, while a lion prepares to leap on her children; two horses run down a tiger; and a virgin is seen toiling along, carrying a dead fawn, to show that women among savages are mere beasts of burden. In the distance Ceres descends on

the world; and by the side of Orpheus are an egg, paper, a bound lamb, and materials for sacrifice. Of course it would be no use to tell Barry that lions and tigers were never found in Greece; that Orpheus never existed; that civilization was gradual, and not sudden; and that Orpheus, even if he did ever exist, never invented eggs or writing-paper.

The second picture is to show us, that agriculture leads to legislature; and we have an awkward classical dance of youths and maidens round a terminal milestone, or figure of Pan. Here is the patriarch, with his staff or walking-stick, and his wife, the female patriarch; there are peasants carousing amid rakes, and ploughs, and flowers, while Bacchus and Pan look on from the clouds, at two oxen drawing corn to the threshing-floor; then we have shown us a farm-house, with its economy, love, and marriage, and children, and rustic games, and applauding old men—in fact, a perfect Grecian opera tableau.

Third jumble, come the Olympian Games; why, I know not, any more than shooting at the popinjay; for Greek civilization was, after all, but a small part of the world's civilization; and of Greek civilization, and whatever benefit it may have done to Europe, the Olympian Games were but a very small part. Here the Olympian judges are seated on a throne, bearing the likenesses of Solon and Lycurgus, and adorned with trophies of Salamis, Marathon, and Thermopylæ; past them go the crowned victors, after them, the people. Diogenes, the Rhodian, is borne round the stadium on the shoulders of his victorious sons. All ages of Grecian history are here confused together: there is Pindar leading the chorus; Hiero of Syracuse in his chariot; Pericles talks to Cimon; Aristophanes laughs; and Anaxagoras and Euripides listen; heroes, poets, and sages, are as thick as blackberries.

The fourth scene opens in the main sewer, called the Thames; there is here confusion of dress as well as of century. There is Drake, and Raleigh in slashed doublet, with old Cabot and Captain Cook; Mercury accompanies them with a tribe of nereids, carrying articles of manufacture, as if Jupiter were moving house; while, to bring in Dr. Burney, we have him cheering Drake and Cabot with itinerant music. Genius, indeed, but where is common sense?

The fifth scene is a meeting of the Society of Arts, with male and female members—ponderous Johnson and our old patron Burke, nereids and full-bottomed wigs. Elysium and the Adelphi—what an *embroglio*! We end with Elysium, in forty-two feet of canvas. Mental culture conducts to piety and virtue, and piety and virtue lead through John Street, Adelphi, to Elysium. Thanks to Mr. Barry's guide-book, we know something about that wonderful picture which the Grecian angels illuminate. There is Socrates button-holding Epaminondas, Cato, the elder Brutus, and Sir Thomas More, whose head somebody has kindly sewn on again. There is an angel bringing Bramah's patent lock, Manco Capac, and Confucius to London; there are Plato and Aristotle quarrelling about the turning; there is an angel, Popham, lecturing on the solar system to Newton, Galileo, Copernicus, and Bacon; there is Thales, Descartes, Archimedes, Roger Bacon, and Bishop Grouthead sitting in a sort of post-office committee on the bishop's letter to Pope Innocent IV.

Now, this is a great and astonishing work. No wonder Jonas Hanway, the hater of tea, will leave a guinea, instead of a shilling, for seeing it; that the Prince of Wales gave Barry sittings; that Timothy Hollis left him £100; that Lord Romney gave him one hundred guineas for a portrait from one of the six cartoons; that he got £200 by engraving them, and £500 clear by exhibiting them; and

that the great Dr. Johnson, who knew no more than a child about Art or Nature, and was also half blind, spoke of their grasp of mind. No wonder a great collector said the pictures were composed “upon the true principles of the best paintings,” which, however, was no proof they were original. As for Lord Aldborough, whose name has since become so celebrated, he outruns everybody, and must have satisfied even Barry's greed for praise; they were, he cried, “unequalled;” they had “originality, colour, energy, grouping, invention, and execution; they combined all the qualities of Raphael, Titian, and Guido, as well as of all the best of the Greek and Roman schools.”

Nor was Barry himself displeased with them: parts wanted vigour, but he should touch them up; meaning, with God's blessing, to leave them as perfect as he could. Every day, as he pulls his bruised cocked-hat over his eyes, to trudge back to Castle Street, and those dreary lodgings, he thanks God that he never doubted “of the wisdom and eligibility of honestly and devoutly applying Art to social improvement;” the enthusiast thinks those six paintings perpetual sermons, and believes (between ourselves) that hints for the amelioration of Ireland could be got out of them.

Indeed, this soured, injudicious man is a strange being, has lived a strange life, and will die a strange death. He lives alone, in that wretched den in Castle Street, where Burke supped with him, and where Southey visited him; wrapped in a green baize coat, daubed with dirt and paint, there, surrounded by sketches, and his Pandora ever staring at him, he sits swearing at “the man in Leicester Fields,” looking like the miser Elwes. He wears a ragged scarecrow wig, with a fringe of his own stiff grey hair peering from under it. His house is never cleaned; he has no servants, this London Timon; no sheet to sleep on, no covering to his bed, but a nailed-up blanket. He will go on till he gets morbid, and dare not go out at night, for fear of some imaginary Academic murderers. He will go on till he is taken ill, and lies without food, groaning alone; till his misanthropic heart softens, and he has to crawl out, wrapped in a blanket, and lay himself down, with a paper in his hand, asking the next passer-by to put him in a chair, and have him carried to Mr. Carlisle, the doctor's, in Soho Square. And after that fright he will get more rational, and leave off his scarecrow wig, and sometimes creep into society; but still he will never leave his den till he be seized with fever at his St. Martin's Lane eating-house, and cordials are given him, and he be removed to kind Mr. Bonomi's, because the warring boys had plugged the key-hole of his door with dirt and stones, and the den cannot be opened; and then, poor angry enthusiast, he will die in the clean, soothing bed, quietly; and he will lie in state, in this very John Street room, the six pictures looking down on him thoughtfully—Dr. Burney, the sea nymphs, Orpheus, and Dr. Johnson, and Drake, and Captain Cook, and all. The Academy hated him, and shamefully stayed away from his funeral. George III., always obtuse and stubborn, made no sign. The king of one idea liked smooth pictures, and men who could speak smooth things: Barry was neither smooth with tongue nor brush.

Yet there were fine points in Barry, the wrong-headed and the controversial. Though the Society of Arts did act with disgraceful meanness and penuriousness, insulting him through insolent officials, refusing to get up a subscription for him, to maintain him while he painted, stinting him in colours and in models, and, when it did grant him money, delaying the payment; still, better late than never, it gave him a gold medal and three

hundred guineas. His generous nature at once forgot all injuries, and he said magnanimously, "the general tenour of the society's conduct has been great, exemplary, and really worthy the best age of civilized society. The more I reflect, the more I feel my heart disposed to overflow with every acknowledgment and gratitude to God as the prime cause, and to the society as the happy instrument and means by which the occasion was provided of enabling me to make one effectual attempt in Art."

How bravely, too, and with what "honest pride," he defended himself from "the thousand scoundrel interpretations of wrong-headedness, misanthropy, meanness, and avarice." He said, no one by nature and education had more relish for social enjoyment than he; but he declared he had no choice left but thus to live within his means, or to give up his great work; and after all, he said, by God's help he should get on; for it was no great hardship waiting on oneself, and that a hole in the door would receive letters when he was absent. The series of pictures that we drew of Reynolds we may (in plan) continue with Barry.

We see him at first moody and abstracted, beating off Spike Island in the Cove of Cork in his father's trading vessel. His father is swearing at him for a home-sick lubber, because he is drawing some figures of fishermen on the broad yellow sail now spread bravely to the wind: "Bedad, it's always a scribbling with chalk, is Jem," the sailors say; it is just the same at home—there with the walls, here with the sails; "he'll never make a tar."

Second. We find him a newly-converted Catholic, rigid, ambitious, and ascetic, wondered at by his schoolfellows, sitting up all night, with candles bought from his pocket-money, to read and draw.

Third. He is a rough, poor-clad country lad of nineteen, unnoticed in the exhibition of the Dublin Society of Arts. The picture that everyone looks at is "The conversion of the King of Cashel by St. Patrick"—the moment chosen is when the saint, unconsciously, has struck his iron-shod crozier through the foot of the royal convert, who bears it without a sigh. The unknown artist's name is asked; a Cork boy comes forward, and claims the honours. No one believes him; and, half frightened, half delighted, he hurries from the room sobbing, the hot, passionate tears running down his cheeks. The great Mr. Burke follows him, to comfort the young genius, and claim his friendship.

Fourth. He is at Dublin, drunk with success, and is beguiled to tavern debauches that he repents of: headlong he tosses into the dark Liffey his purse that had beguiled him, and runs home to study. The one ambition swallows up in him all other passions, as Aaron's rod did the snaky rods of the other magicians.

Fifth. Barry, going to Rome, visits a Neapolitan town. We see him there: he is surrounded by a cluster of peasant girls by a way-side fountain; he is loosing the hair of the prettiest of them, and tying it up again, declaring that it exactly resembles the head-dress of one of the Muses. And then he is in the Refettorio, at Milan, expostulating with an Irish friar at the re-painting of Leonardo's "Last Supper," which is already half completed.

On the Adelphi scaffold, talking of Greeks all day, we have seen him. Now we must follow him again to his Castle Street den. The great Burke has come to supper; the fire burns clear and cheerily in the dirty grate, the steak is bubbling and hissing, Barry covers the greasy table with a clean cloth. The steak, as Barry promises, came from the most classic market in London—Oxford market—and promises to be hot and tender. The great man

smiling, and turning down his spotless ruffles, and hanging carefully up his gold-laced hat, begins to turn the steak with the tongs Barry thrusts into his hands, while he runs for the beer. The great statesman is hot and busy as Barry returns, depressed in face. "Why, my dear friend, the wind has carried away the foaming top as I crossed Titchfield Street—the head is gone, Mr. Burke."—"Never mind, Mr. Barry," says Burke, "I have been making myself useful, as you told me; and the steak has suffered no harm at my hands, if the butcher did his duty, and the ox his." Burke is a second King Alfred in the neatherd's hut.

Let us consider what Barry did for Art—little beyond elevating the national Art-standard. Barry went to Italy, after some provincial success, having had no real severe Art-education, at the age of twenty-four. He went at a ripe age for observation and improvement, enriched with his kind patron Burke's advice, and aided by his money. He spent six long years of patient study in Italy; the result of which was that he set up as his war-cry, "the Greek statues for perfect beauty of form, Titian for colour, and the Caracci for manner and execution." Raphael and Michael Angelo he rather put on one side, and he was one of those fervid spirits who are not content with merely printing their creed in gilt letters on a board, to stare at, and yawn at, but must, forsooth, tattoo it all over the naked flesh of their opponents.

Let us now, then, examine, letter by letter, this creed, as propounded by the poor Irish shipmaster's son, when he was Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, from 1782 to the time of his shameful, unfeeling, and illegal expulsion from the Academy, after six lectures, in 1799. Barry succeeded Penny, and was displaced by Fuseli.

These lectures, now (so goes the whirligig of Time's revenges) given as prizes to Academic students, are full of rugged fervour and abrupt transitions, paradoxes and violent abuse; everything is "disgusting," and if not glaring white, the jettest black. Barry's mind had no medium; it had no more semitones than a boatswain's whistle. The lectures are original and daring, free and bold, full of learning—almost in the notes running to undigested pedantry. They are, as mere writing, utterly wanting in method, full of fretful episodes, and were so personal that Reynolds, who was compelled to attend as President, used to take his ear trumpet from his ear and pretend to go to sleep, saying bitterly in his defence, that he only fell asleep when Mr. Barry (whom he hated) grew personal. Barry would have revolutionised Art if he could, but, as it happened, finding the volcano did not follow his theories, and stop when he predicted, like Empedocles he threw himself in, and perished a victim to the volcano which theories could not control. He talked sometimes as a critic—not very reliable—as if Raphael and Michael Angelo (love and power) had been surpassed by such poor, dull eclectics as Parmegiano or Dominechino. He "riled" the portrait painters by railing at their miserable, unambitious cupidity; the sculptors, by denouncing allegorical monuments; and the architects, by inveighing against "the dull, disgusting monotony of light" in modern buildings. I only wonder he was not stabbed, like Cæsar, at the base of one of the Academy statues. No one there cared for the slumbering Gothic, or they would have burst with rage to hear its solemnity praised, but its "barbarous, defective particulars" pedagogically and angrily condemned. BAD TEMPER—TEMPER was the fiend that drove Barry into a grave, where Misery and Poverty were the chief mourners.

The fact was, FORM was Barry's idol, and he had better have been a sculptor, for he

could not colour, and his drawing was feeble: his rough, violent mind had no conception of feeling, or grace, or religious sentiment. He would have despised Giotto's genius of instinct. The "young gentlemen" Barry addressed were dazzled with discussions about the rainbow, knowing all the time the man himself had no eye for colour. He praised that horrid Mengs, and astonished them by saying that Caracci's pictures, in "general effect and economy of the mass of light and dark" were better than Raphael's. What did "the young gentlemen" want with directions about fresco painting? Why, there had been no fresco painting for centuries in England, unless you call Verrio's fiddling angels, on the staircase of Hampton Court, frescoes, or Hayman's works at Vauxhall. It was all too good for the brave boys, as Academic lectures always are. What benefit could the boys derive from learning that Tintoret left behind him more indifferent pictures than any artist that ever lived; that Titian, in old age, grew visionary and careless; that Veronese had a variegated yet harmonious style? Yet with all his side-winds of invective, his impetuous personality, and unbearable arrogance and violence, Barry, in these lectures, is always honest, and generally judicious. He laments that Rubens did not unite his Venetian system of colour to the classic and elegant drawing of the Caracci; and that the Caracci, instead of imitating Titian, should have taken Correggio as their model. He led England to its favourite ideal of colour, by declaring the Venetian colour to be the highest ideal, and in truth and science both perfect. Barry could not colour, but he loved colour, praised it, and urged the "young gentlemen" to chase and win the syren, through all the windings of the colourman's shop.

BARRY'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

So much for Barry on colour. On design he went stark staring mad about pure form, and naked figures; the grand style, the ideal, and all his stock manias which he thought the proper receipt for high Art. Barry actually did not in his heart like Raphael, because he draped so many of his figures, forgetting, as has been well observed by an editor of the enthusiast's lectures, that "a well-draped figure implies a thorough understanding of the nude." Raphael's draped "St. Paul at Athens" is a more majestic figure than any Greek statue. Barry said the Dutchmen painted tailor's lay-figures, bundles of rags and furs, and were no draughtsmen at all. [Here REYNOLDS winces, and lays down his ear-trumpet with a shrug.] He said that there could be no drawing without a knowledge of anatomy. [REYNOLDS nods again, visibly and ostentatiously asleep—BARRY frowns daggers at him, and shouts on.] Greek statues, he said, present but few types, and are but a patchwork of fragments, therefore study general nature in all its varieties, and form your abstract of the variety you want to create. [Here REYNOLDS revives.]

No one can find fault with Barry's judgment when he speaks of Michael Angelo's drawing as pre-eminent for "truth, spirit, and science;" but one rather winces to hear him talk of Raphael's design being more remarkable for harmony than energy, or that Raphael is wanting in high beauty and elevated character. And yet even here, when roused to conscientious justice, Barry speaks wisely to the student about the antique statues: he points out their various faults, and warns the "young gentlemen" from stupid, indiscriminate admiration. The Antinous, he says, is hard and straight in body; the Apollo has something wrong about his ankles; the Belvedere Torso, however, he thinks unique for purity of conception, and intelligence of design or composition. While

Barry laments Watteau's affectation, Rubens's grossness, and Hogarth's want of drawing and *perishable subjects*, he goes at once to boldly place the crown on Raphael's head, for "divine warmth and expressive energy, for linking together, with solid, manly judgment, a beautiful chain of well-reasoned and happily-varied incidents." In allegory he warns the "young gentlemen" that only wise, ingenious, and feeling artists can use it; and then they must have spectators equally gifted.

Hitherto, we have not found Barry's ideal and our own very much clash. He has been (we see) honest, fervent, personal, but tolerably right, though fighting rather an up-hill game, as far as income goes: but now we come to his follies about THE IDEAL. What he calls the ideal is general and perfect nature; death he contrasts with life, which is individual, real, but, as he says, imperfect nature. There is an ideal in beauty, design, colour, and in every branch of Art, down even to drapery. It is a rejection of all "dead, uninteresting, unpertinent circumstances." This ideal "is the offspring of philosophy and the sister of poetry." Now, between ourselves, all this is wind, and means nothing. It was a belief of the day that a coat in a portrait with the buttons left out became ideal—not left out it became unideal; if painted satin looked like satin it was Dutch and vulgar—if it looked merely like drapery, it was full of Greek feeling, and ideal to the last point. This was cant. A cabbage may be ideal when sprinkled with dewdrops, and turned to a golden globe in the blessed sunshine; a Dutch subject may be epical and ideal; and high Art and divine, if Raphael treats it, and paints it on the bottom of a tub, and calls a village mother and child the *Madonna della Seggiola*. High Art is the highest subject treated in the highest manner, therefore must be religious: Mr. Barry thought it was a group of Greek nude figures on a mile-long canvas. Still, in spite of this delusion of his day, Barry had a grand conception of the mission of Art. He roused the "young gentlemen" as with a trumpet-voice, letting in now and then side-whiffs of the blighting east wind of invective, which must have made every Academician present very red and very angry, and have made Reynolds nod and bob more than ever in his presidential chair. He did no good by his violence, and mistook his vitriolic temper for the goadings of conscience—as so many of us do. Yet he was a fine heroic, stubborn, honest spirit, very disagreeable, but very much of the bull-dog, an ill-tempered, calf-biting bull-dog, too. He urged "young gentlemen" to be better, and they would be better painters; to read more, and think more, and then they would see more. Pursue not Art, he cried, with meanness and servility. Bungling tailors are all very well if the stuff is good, but bungling artists men cannot away with. Generous ardour and unremitting labour must drive out inability and indolence. [REYNOLDS nods again, because he sees Tom's turning red.] Merely attending academy schools is of no use if no good use is made of study. Nothing was a greater bar to the advancement of Art than a mean, grovelling, and contracted disposition in the artist. [REYNOLDS bobs, and unknown RICHARDS bites his lip—BARRY smiles and goes on.] It did not matter whether it arose from that man's political debasement in society, or his sordid and contemptible preference of pelf to glory. [MR. COTES whispers to the PRESIDENT, but he is firm asleep.] Those who have only a bad or contracted ability for Art must inevitably become bad and disingenuous men. [BARRY coughs and looks round. MR. MOSER turns a deep carmine, and MR. YEO follows suit.] Quackeries, and every species of dishonest, unmanly artifice, must be continually recurred to, to support the false, tem-

porary reputation, and pull down competitors and rivals. [CIPRIANI nods at MEYER, and WALE at CARLINI. REYNOLDS nods too, but not at anybody in particular.] Such manoeuvres duped for a time, but only real worth was lasting. He hoped the young gentlemen, with a noble ambition, strove for perfection, and would look with a becoming scorn and contempt on the lazy wretchedness of those who, unfaithful to their art, descend to the mean subterfuge of appearing what they are not. [MEYER blue, and fat WILTON a deep port-wine purple—REYNOLDS still asleep.] Without the ideal, Art was a mere toy and mechanical bauble, useful to neither head nor heart,—uninteresting to the wise, amusing only to the foolish, unprofitable to all, and hateful to the good.

[BAKER, CHAMBERLIN, and CIPRIANI take snuff and sneeze at this pause, thinking the storm past. REYNOLDS awakes, rubs his eyes, fits his bugle ear-trumpet into its aperture, and assumes the air of a grave listener. He is right—it is over. The young gentlemen stop talking and cutting jokes, and begin to prick up their ears. BARRY is going to praise painting. He begins. TYLER and RICHARDS look relieved, and begin to smile and rub their hands, and button up their coats for going. One looks for his stick, another brushes his gold-laced hat.]

"Ours is an art, young gentlemen, which has for its true object the advancement of the interests of mankind, by placing the cause of virtue and real heroism in its most forcible, efficacious, and amiable light. Such an art does indeed require all the elevation and dignity of soul and disposition the young gentlemen can possibly bring to it. To produce great and noble sensations in others,—to exalt their minds, and excite them to the pursuit of the honestum, the fit, the becoming, the heroic, and truly laudable part, whatever struggles and labour it may cost them, and however powerfully opposed and surrounded by dangers and present obloquy,—successfully to excite men to this, the students must begin with themselves, and cultivate the man as well as the artist; for be it ever remembered, young gentlemen, that though the head may conceive, and the hand execute, yet it is the heart only which can infuse unction, energy, and vigour into your work;—the generous ardour that you will communicate to others will be always proportionate to the noble flame which exists in your own bosom." [Tremendous applause among the young gentlemen, at once extinguished by a gesture of the President and the frowns of the amiable Academicians, who will to-night move for BARRY's expulsion.]

Through all the contrasts and troublous changes of Barry's life, from the time he lectured in state, as we have seen him, to six years after, when he was carried, a heap of dirty clothes, from the poor tavern where he had fainted to the beggars' house in Castle Street, where the boys were pelting mud at the windows, we still see the demon of Bad Temper dogging his steps. The Temper—its dangers: that is our moral of Barry's life. How far it verged on insanity, who may say?

So, at last, quiet, and cured of controversy, we leave his pale, hard-worn face, as it lies in state in those great blank picture-rooms in John Street, waiting for the long black train of coaches to bear it to the great ideal, historical tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral, to be near his old rival, Reynolds,—an honour denied to Hogarth, a greater man, and Gainsborough, an equal. His funeral cost £200, and was paid for by the first Sir Robert Peel, who gained, in reputation, by his death. He had starved for years on £60, and had almost wanted bread.

What a pity it is that people who were so liberal to Barry's undertaker, when Barry was dead, had not been more liberal to Barry's baker, when Barry was alive!

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

EUROPA.

Claude, Painter.

E. Radclyffe, Engraver.

Size of the Picture 4 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

ALTHOUGH occupying comparatively but a secondary place in the composition, a story borrowed from mythological history gives the title to this picture, one of the most beautiful works of Claude, for richness of colour and luminous qualities. It is truly an ideal representation; for the incident introduced to constitute a subject may be viewed as an anachronism, if taken in connexion with the landscape; and even the latter cannot be accepted as a transcript of nature—few of his pictures, if any, are. Reynolds observes, in his "Discourses," that Claude "was convinced that taking nature as he found it, seldom produced beauty." His pictures are a composition of the various drafts which he had previously made from various beautiful scenes and prospects. The idea of this landscape was, doubtless, derived from some Italian seaport he had visited during his long residence in that country; but he arranged the materials of his subject to suit his purpose, introducing such objects as would give value to it—, for example, the round tower in the centre, and the vessels, which, by the way, are of older date than the period at which this artist lived, but not so old as the time when Jupiter, in the form of a bull, bore away the damsel Europa. Moreover, Claude, by bringing the nearer ship so close in-shore, has not proved himself, even in theory, a skilful pilot; a three-masted vessel of such a size, though possibly of light tonnage, would require a greater draught of water, to prevent her grounding, than she could expect to have where she lies, unless the shore be very precipitate. These peculiarities are pointed out merely to support the opinion of Reynolds, and, indeed, of every one else, who has studied the works of this artist,—that they are not, generally, copied absolutely from nature, even allowing for those licences which artists are often accustomed to take with the scenes they sketch.

We have no clue to the date of this picture, but it is presumed to have been painted towards the close of his life; nor do we know when, nor how, it came into the royal possession. Claude painted a similar subject for the Ghizi family, but whether this be the identical work, or not, is uncertain. The scene is, as already intimated, purely ideal; it is represented under the effect of a morning sun, which lights up the edges of the departing clouds, the tips of the distant hills, and the various objects in the foreground; the trees are of a rich warm tint, approaching to olive green, the sea is deep blue, so intense as almost to destroy the harmony of the picture, and the surface, agitated by a slight breeze, is broken into ripples of a thousand various forms. In the foreground, Jupiter, in the shape of a bull, has left the herd with which he was associated, and is bearing off, on his back, the daughter of the Phœnician monarch, to transport her across the sea; she is accompanied by numerous attendants, who have prepared wreaths for her adornment: the distribution of these figures is simple, but effective. Claude, like many other landscape-artists, ancient and modern, made no pretensions to be thought a figure-painter; he disposed them judiciously in his pictures, but they are, generally, ill-drawn, and formal in attitude; better, nevertheless, than those of his successor, rival, and far greater artist, our own Turner. It may be doubted if, with all their genius, either would ever have produced a really good figure-picture. Claude was quite sensible of his deficiency in this respect, although he was constant and exemplary in his attendance at the academy at Rome, to draw from the model; he was accustomed to remark that "he sold the landscapes, and gave away the figures."

Perhaps no country in the world possesses a larger or finer collection of the works of this painter than our own. The National Gallery contains ten fine specimens; at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Dulwich College, are also many choice examples; and there are few private collections, of any importance, without their due proportion of "Claude." "Europa" is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.



CLAUDE LORRAINE

H. RADCLIFFE SCULPT

EUROPA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.

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THE "HEART OF THE ANDES."^{*}

WE feel, ardently, that it behoves those amongst us whose opinions justly command most influence with respect to the advance of intellectual power and refinement, to congratulate our transatlantic brethren cordially—to waft to them, over the vast deep, fraternal greetings in celebration of another conquest they have achieved in those ideal realms, where the gain of one people is so happily the gain of all. Already for a long time honourably distinguished in that republic of art, which is only anxious *not* to define a geographical boundary, they may now, we believe beyond question, claim a most high, a central position, in the particular state or department of landscape painting. Niagara and the Andes have found an American pencil able to unfold the clear brightness of their glories to the untravelled ones, far as picture may be sent. America rejoices in a great landscape-painter; and it becomes us also, brothers in race, to hail the event with that tender animation with which we should ever accept some noble gift to the world at large. Yes; here is obviously one of those mental mirrors, of a rare brightness, which have literally the power to fix and transfer their reflections. In other terms, here is manifestly a gaze of extraordinary clearness and vigilance; a gifted hand, swift to follow it with graceful strength and lightness; a tender and capacious spirit, which unites harmoniously the minute and the vast, the delicate and the forcible, the defined and the mysterious, and can reduce multitude and diversity to simple order, under the sweet sovereignty of beauty. Here is a painter (it is delightful to see it) whose modest patience and cheerful industry no amount of labour can weary or deaden. In these days, too, it is specially pleasing to see that though, as we are told, ever from his youth ardently devoted to nature, he has evidently no disposition to disdain the old time-honoured laws of Art, by virtue of which Art is Art, and alone can bring the spirit of infinite nature within the compass of our finite minds. At a time when so many of our own painters are sinking into anarchy, it should be as a pointed rebuke to us, to find the symmetries, the grace, the rhythm, the rhymes, as it were, that complete the composition of refined poetic Art, taught us anew in a land where nature is most untrammelled, and freedom broadest. And this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the painter has not yet visited Europe, and consequently, except through engravings, has little or no acquaintance with the works of the great masters. Such are some of the reflections and felicitations which arise in the mind on first seeing Mr. Church's extraordinary picture, "The Heart of the Andes," a work which begets a mingled, twofold admiration—delight and astonishment at the novel magnificence of the landscape itself, and at the power by which it has been represented.

And yet, at first sight, the subject has not that novelty so conspicuously as may ordinarily be expected. Its general aspect, illustrating the temperate climate of the equatorial highlands of South America,—not far, if we understand rightly, from Quito,—thousands of feet above the level of the sea, has but a slight degree of the tropical character. The leading forms of the trees are much like those of our more northern latitudes. You discern, indeed, the trailing branches of the parasites, encumbering them, as if they would fain drag them down with their sweet treachery; like the fair arms of the water-nymphs, wound, netted, about the flourishing, curly locks of Hylas. But there are not those wonders of equatorial vegetation, which Humboldt admired beyond all others in the hot and humid plains far lower; where the palm, impelled solely by its irrepressible thirst for air, shoots into groves above woods, to the height of one hundred and ninety feet, and where the swart boy climbs for its fruit, or for the monkey which he has wounded with his arrow, in a cap formed of some single flower. Neither is there remarkable glow or gorgeousness of colour. A mild green tints the savanna

before you; it seems newly refreshed by the most temperate of showers. Nor do the mountains themselves, even in size, present anything conspicuously different from the higher Alps, when you first see them unfolded in full majesty beyond the lower ranges of Lombardy or Piedmont. This inner heart of the dusk Indian Andes appears serene and gentle, as the Moor's heart seemed to the tender Italian lady; and it is with a congenial feeling that the painter has represented it, avoiding especially all tendency to violence, heat, and exaggeration in his mild temperateness of spirit. His cheerful, untiring patience is truly admirable: a fine moral lesson is it to us all, whatever our pursuits or walk in life, of manly enterprise and perseverance, embodied in a lovely and glorious vision.

But exploring more particularly this Andean prospect, let us set out from the cataract which bursts forth at some little distance beneath our feet. It falls into azure and sunny film, and into a pool of calmness, all golden with reflections of volcano-shattered rocks; there the stream lingers, resting itself a moment, and then breaks away pale with regret, yet graced again with the purple light of heaven, as it continues its arduous, fertilizing course. Like the swimming courier of the Peruvian Incas, or the young Indian, who even now, by a similar watery flight, bears the ordinary letters along the current of some of these rivers, it glides away below. But *our eye* rather *mounts*, winding up the stream above the waterfall, amidst an open vale, where dense woodlands extend, and cover hillocks, and give way to open plateaux, beneath the numerous ravines and congregated eminences that build up, at no great distance, a broad, long, sloping mountain, which lords it over the greater part of the prospect. By the freshness of the sun-lighted savanna this lovely afternoon, there seems to have been recent rain. Indeed, we do not doubt it. The washed blue of heaven is now broadening, and the level roof of cloud extended over this mountain is dappled with the golden sunshine, which spreads lightly everywhere through its grey flakes, but falls so faintly beneath, that the warm hues flush out but seldom amidst the empurpled shades of the mountain. It is a great mystery of multitudinous hills gathered into one long mass, obscured with such wonderful subtlety, that you doubt how much you see behind those faintest columnar films of light drifting athwart its dusky sinuosities, where a falling torrent alone gleams distinctly and steadily. Nevertheless, you see that it is an ample hill region of itself, mighty and yet of gentle majesty, descending as if it would not rule, but embrace with its extended arms, the earth beneath. But mysterious, ruddy heights, yet loftier, to the right, are beginning to disclose themselves brightly among the warm, parting fleeces; and one peak rises far above them all, and points to the last fading of the rainbow, everything here being rendered with most exquisite truth and tenderness.

Thus far, below, all is grandly begloomed with the shadows of retiring cloud; but in this most noble instance of *clear-obscure*, the remotest part of the prospect, as well as the nearest, is bright. Thus far all belongs only to some lower class of mountains; but on the left a profile of more pointed crags shelves towards one of the supreme monarchs of the hill world, an immense, round-topped, domed mountain covered with snow, one of Chimborazo's royal brethren. A perspective of swelling downs of snow (curved with that grace of which the wind-moulded snow presents some of the most perfect of instances) tempts you to an ideal ascent between jutting ridges of pointed crags, dim in a lovely mystery of rosy mist, above which, gaining a far clearer but more difficult air, you ascend, with the help of fancy's wing (for no human foot could scale such a steep), the equally graceful curves of the smooth, ample dome itself, shining with tender vividness in the balmy of blue skies, and graced by advancing evening with hues like an unfolding primrose. It is—this eminence—a crown of gracious majesty and beauty to the earth beneath, rather than a predominating presence of awe and terror. It is the appropriate climax and divine symbol of the whole—a whole characterised by beauty extended to the utmost of calm magnificence and grandeur, rather than by the wild energy and gloom seen more frequently in those European Alps, which, by a stormier atmosphere, have been more

stripped of their original smooth, friable covering, to the disclosure of their craggy bones and skeletons beneath. This New-World alp, on the other hand, unworn in an incomparably serener air, looks like a calm, holy mountain, where angels, when they first alight, would linger in serene companies, to admire wonderingly the glories of the world which heaven so loves and honours, and mature the plan of their benign ministries to its inhabitants. Pizarro might have learnt from its gently-august, divine presence lessons of humane magnanimity, and so have spared the Inca, whom he strangled,—within its very shining, it may be,—had not his sight been already possessed by visions of avarice and bigotry. Look keenly, look steadily, on those bright steeps, which seem belonging to heaven rather than earth—which seem calmly at home in the blue sky, as a summer cloud, which only melts in fertilizing showers. Treasure up in your mind rapidly a distinct image of this glory which we have journeyed so far to see, through these ascending zones of climate, where all, from the torrid to the ever-freezing, prevail within a few leagues of horizontal distance; for yonder a cloud, kindled with ardent hues, invades it, is envious to bury it in its mass, if it indeed can reach so high.

In your remoteness below there is a ravine, which, were we to approach, would probably yawn into something terrific. Its crowning points, perhaps, belong to tower-like masses of erupted porphyry, such as mark nearly all the higher parts of the Andes, with the effect, frequently, of immense columns and cupolas. Perhaps between them may be one of those *quebradas*, or tremendous rifts, by which these mountains are also distinguished, and through some of which the *conquistadores* made their astonishing marches. Those coming clouds will unquestionably muffle all this; but still, over the full tide of soft, roseate vapours, may soar afar in unassailed serenity yon golden tabernacle for the seraphim, which lifts imagination above the earth it almost supremely crowns.

But quitting with regret the mountains, we pursue our way towards that tiny group of cottages and rustic church, which seem as solitary in their little cleared spot amidst the sylvan wilderness beneath, as a speck of an island alone amidst the Pacific. As we may hope, however, to reach that resting-place before night rushes forth suddenly,—as she ever does in this almost twilightless latitude,—we may venture to pause, and form acquaintance with the forest which clothes the steep we are descending. Here, on the left, the eye is on a level with the summit of one of its promontories of trees, shelving down to engulf our path. It is a dense mass of wild, free, prodigal grace, all playfully encumbered with the trailing parasites, to be dragged down eventually, we sadly fear, by their subtly insinuating and most florid flatteries. Trees above trees here rise into lofty precipitous steps of intricate tangled foliage, with the pale azure flowers of these creepers dashed down their sides, in the shade, like the veins of a pale torrent. And on the very banks beside us, these leafy locks part into little arched grots, like those of semi-subterranean ancient Rome, which are, much similarly, embowered with shrubs and flowers. And these recesses, in days of old for Indian maidens flying the Spaniard, are softly nooked, and carpeted with green; and the sun contrives to penetrate even some of their inmost depths, and roof them with glimmering amber mosaic; and under the ferns with which the heedless Peruvian child was wont to crown himself, a slender fountain trickles into a little pool, beside which an emerald trogon (bright as the prince of Persia himself during his plummy metamorphosis) sits, very much disposed, we believe, to bathe himself. And branches are adorned with points of most brilliant colour, resplendent insects, or birds, or strange flowers, which we can sometimes scarcely tell. Here, so far, nature is full of all youthful growth and living vigour; but in front rises a ruined column of a tree, memorial of a former dynasty of the woods, now passed away. It is more ancient, perhaps, than the *tambos*, or stations on those marvellous old Peruvian roads, which cross the Andes at a point more than one thousand feet higher than the Peak of Teneriffe; more ancient than the Incas' palace, amongst whose ruins their ragged descendant told Humboldt of the subterranean gardens, wrought of gold, which, closed up by a spell of pure awe, he believed to await the restoration of their dynasty.

* We gave, in our August number, a short descriptive notice of this picture, by Mr. Church, the American artist; but, feeling that a work of so high a character, and especially from a country where the art of painting may be considered as comparatively in its infancy, deserves a more lengthened record than that we have already afforded it, we gladly recur to the subject.

in his "Lady of the Lake," in speaking of the clansmen, who, crouched upon the ground, were

"Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the dark heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen,
With heath-bell dark and bracken green."

The tartan, too, has interest from its historical association with the fate of the unfortunate Stuarts. Like them, it was proscribed, for, in 1747, the government forbade the use of the Celtic garb; and, till 1782, when this ridiculous law was repealed, it was a badge of outlawry and disgrace. At the latter date, however, a variety of causes combined in preventing the withdrawal of the prohibition from having much effect in reviving this national dress. Many of the brave hearts who had espoused the cause of the White Rose had withered and died "ayont the sea," and to those who were left behind its associations would perhaps be too painful for them to be anxious to revive it. The clans were scattered, and the ameliorating influence of judicious government, and the advance of civilization, gradually effaced nearly all their outward, as well as inward, distinctions. Sir Walter Scott and George IV. are the two men to whom the tartan is indebted for its revival. The former directly by his writings, in which he so lovingly depicted Highland scenes and characters; the latter indirectly by his visit to the northern part of his kingdom, and the enthusiasm displayed on the occasion. Old claymores were furbished up that had lain rusty for many a day; the chiefs summoned their clansmen: but many of them looked in vain for their costumes. There was a confusion, not of tongues, but of tartans. Those whose ancestors in former days waged deadly feud were, by some sad blunder of the *costumier*, made as like each other as "Corsican brothers." From many a Highland hut were hunted up faded rags, relics, it may be, of the '45, as authorities for the manufacture of a fresh supply. But even these gave but "an uncertain sound"—here a McGregor might be called a McTavish, there a Gordon might pass for a Graham, till the Messrs. Smith came to the rescue, and, by the publication of "The Clan-Tartans of Scotland," a work compiled with great labour and care, helped to save from certain oblivion this interesting branch of Scottish archaeology. The service they rendered in this respect was very properly acknowledged by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries; and the mention of it may appropriately preface a description of the factory whence it issued.

The traveller leaving Mauchline on a visit to Mossiel will pass on his right a large building stretching backwards from the road, with the usual factory attributes,—rows of windows, outside stairs, the hum of an engine, a tall chimney, and a flag of smoke. We advise him to enter, as he may be assured not only of a polite reception, but also of receiving from the explanations of Mr. Smith, or an intelligent *employé*—to whom we owe many thanks—much useful and interesting information.

In our tour of observation, we come first to men engaged in reducing the raw material into a more convenient form for future operations—that is, in sawing up logs of wood into pieces of various sizes. We should here observe that the wood of the sycamore, or, as it is called in Scotland, the plane-tree—the *Acer pseudo-platanus* of botanists—is solely employed in this manufacture, on account of its close, even texture, which, without being too hard, makes it a pleasant material to work in: to these properties may be added its lightness, which gives to articles made of this wood all the advantages of papier-mâché—of which, indeed, we find it a common mistake to suppose the Mauchline goods to be made.

The wood, having been reduced to a more convenient form, then goes to the different "makers," whose operations of course vary with the articles they make.

On entering the spacious and well-lighted workshop, whose gallery, clock, and general appearance somewhat reminds us of some, though vastly superior to many, of the edifices called churches by Dissenters in Scotland, we find here on one side a number of turning lathes, at which men are busily engaged in making a great variety of articles, such as needle-cases, match-boxes, vinaigrettes, brooches, rings, trays, and a host of others too numerous to mention. Then, on the other side, we find another set engaged in shaping by the hand a different class of goods,

such as paper-cutters, &c.; and lastly, we come to the articles composed of different pieces, such as card-cases, glove-boxes, envelope-cases, reticules, &c., and which may be termed the constructive department. The number of the component parts of some of these articles, and the neatness and ingenuity with which they are put together, are most remarkable. Take up for a sample this little octagon needle-case, which contains no fewer than twenty-six different pieces of wood, yet to all appearance it seems cut out of the solid block, so exactly are its different parts fitted together.

But we must not enter farther into detail regarding the process of manufacture, but proceed to the mode of decoration. All the articles, whatever be the subsequent embellishment intended for them, are grounded in black. Formerly, we believe this was not the case, a white ground having been given for the lighter varieties of tartan; but experience has shown that the black is preferable, from its giving greater depth and brilliancy to the subsequently overlaid colours.

We arrive now at the department devoted to "chequering," which is performed by machines at once simple and ingeniously effective; but which, without the aid of illustration, we can scarcely hope intelligibly to describe. The original machine consists of a single drawing pen, so fitted into the machine that it can draw straight lines with great ease and precision. The workman having, like a weaver, his pattern before him, by means of a notched wheel regulates the lines and spaces. All the lines in the pattern of one colour being completed, he cleans his pen, and proceeds with a fresh one. A certain order is observed in laying on the colours, according to the positions they hold in the pattern. The improved machine, patented by the Messrs. Smith, by means of a great number of pens is able to draw all the lines of one colour, in one direction, at once—which, of course, facilitates greatly the rate of execution. Some articles, from their form, however, necessitate the employment of the old one.

The peculiar beauty of the Mauchline tartan-work is very discernible on comparing it with that executed in lithography, or by any other process—the colours are so pure, the blending so harmonious, and the half-tints, from being laid on in successive lines of pure colour, have a delightful depth and transparency, without the least approach to mud-diness.

The chequering is not confined to the workshop, as you may discover on passing down the village street, where through a window here and there you may see busily at work not a few whose age or other circumstances render it more agreeable for them to sit by their own firesides, and who are thus provided with the means of subsistence, and a light and pleasant employment.

After the articles have received their coats of tartan, each is labelled with its proper name, and goes to be varnished. After receiving two coats of varnish, they are smoothed down with fine sand or emery paper, and get five more. They go then to the girls, who polish them up till that beautiful surface is acquired to which we have already referred.

This makes the simpler articles complete; the more complex go now to be "fitted up." Inkstands get their bottles, pincushions their stuffing, boxes their locks, brooches their pins, and, in short, everything that has got anything like an "inside" gets it put in, severed limbs get united, parts useless while separate become by union useful wholes. Now, before we leave this part of the work, we have only to see the girls take them up tenderly and swathe them in tissue, ere they are sent off for present orders, or laid past for future use.

Our *cicerone* now conducts us to what is *par excellence* the artistic department, the *atelier* of the workmen engaged in painting the vignettes. The articles intended to receive paintings, we ought to observe, come here first, before going through any of the stages already referred to. These paintings, executed entirely by the hand, are of all sizes, from the tiny "bit" transferred to the top of a needle-case, to the large quarto-sized landscape, intended for the side of an expensive writing folio. They consist mostly of views of Scottish scenery, especially spots celebrated in history or song, as well as scenes of the chase, including copies of some of Landseer's well-known pictures. Here, at the

top of the room, sits the *premier* artist, engaged, it may be, on a view of one of our sweetest Highland lochs, which he will finish with all the care and delicacy of a miniature, or with an engraving before him, rendering into colour Sir Edwin's "Stag at Bay," or "the Monarch of the Glen." In these days, when our Art must, like everything else, be done by estimate and by steam (Heaven keep this from becoming its doom!), the work which is produced in this department of the Messrs. Smith's manufactory does not a little credit both to their enterprise and good taste.

Having come to the close of the manufacturing process, we shall just step into the wareroom for a moment, for the purpose of seeing the accumulated results of the whole. Here the first thing that "strikes a stranger" will be the great variety of the articles made: a choice for all ages and sexes—babies' powder boxes and old wives' spectacle-cases; articles to be carried in the pocket, or stuck on the person, set on the parlour mantelpiece, or laid on the drawing-room table—all sorts of things that anybody or everybody could fancy are here congregated. We must not forget to mention also the beautifully bound books, with their tartan boards and painted vignettes, as among the most attractive objects in the room. What more appropriate souvenirs of a Scottish tour could be found than, for instance, a copy of "Scott's Poems," in tartan boards, with a delicately executed view of some Border keep or Highland loch, rendered classic by his muse; or "The Songs of Robert Burns," bound in wood from the barn-roof of Mossiel, while occupied by the poet, and warranted genuine. Indications these are of the experience of a number of years, and of a watchful attention to public taste.

But besides those which at present form the staple of articles made, there might be mentioned not a few which the course of time and change of fashion have rendered obsolete. In the "pre-historic annals," or "geological periods," or whatever else you like to call it, of the Mauchline manufactory, there is quite a series of different formations. We shall only dig up two fossil remains for the satisfaction of our readers. The first is a specimen of what was at one time a very numerous class, and is called "the Breadalbane button," from having first been made for the noble marquis of that name. A favourite embellishment for buttons was a canine head, but "every dog has its day," and the Mauchline ones, having ceased to please, died a natural death. The other we shall refer to is very beautiful, being a style of decoration somewhat resembling arabesques, sometimes executed on a gold ground, very rich, but rather expensive; and so it also passed away.

Our brief notice of this interesting manufactory must now come to a close, not so much from having exhausted our subject as from having filled our space. It is unnecessary, we fain hope, to commend its productions to the notice of our readers, they are sufficiently able to commend themselves: they have done so pretty effectively for a good many years, and we doubt not will continue to command a still greater share of public approval. It is true they have not the overpowering claims to utility which economists of the Gradgrind school deem indispensable. It is also true that they have not the privilege of being brought from abroad, which by some is considered essential to artistic excellence. Mauchline is nearer home than Munich or Milan, and Ayrshire has not such a name as the Alhambra; but notwithstanding this, we feel assured that that spirit of our age, which is beginning to appreciate the proper sphere of our artistic development; which is resuscitating our only national style of architecture, will not look with disfavour on any other branch of native Art. The tartan, too, has special claims on attention, as the only indigenous form of textile decoration now extant.

To the men, in conclusion, to whose energy and taste this manufacture owes its origin, and to their successors, who are to come after them, we would say, "Well done!" Though they don't call you Sansio or Cellini, but only plain Smith, there is a place reserved in the temple of beauty for your work also. Remember,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;"

and the "thing" may be a match-box or a needle-case, and it may be many feet of canvas.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF
GREAT ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 5.—WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

WILLIAM ETTY, in the latter part of his life, was a short, stout man, with shoulders low, and rather narrow, surmounted by a large, heavy head. He had a shambling gait, stout limbs, large feet, with toes less diverging than is usual. There was a good-natured, half-smiling look about his face; he was strongly marked with small-pox; his mouth large; his eyes light, and rather bright, with a cheerful expression, but with no character of thought in them; it was a large mass of unmeaning face, with wrinkled forehead, and thin, grey, straight, and straggling hair. In short, Etty was, in person, the last man you would suspect of an idea soaring into the regions of Fancy, and conversant with poetical and ethereal creatures. I knew Etty well, and have frequently watched the turns and changes of his countenance, with the object of finding some gleam of the light by which his studies were illuminated—but in vain. I believe also, notwithstanding the subjects in which he luxuriated, and to which certain squeamish folks, in public, took exception, that no man living was freer from any feeling of a gross or a voluptuous character. Those who knew him best, regarded the effusions of his pencil as sacred, and fully protected from any possible charge of impropriety, by the real innocence and simplicity of his mind. I have heard it frequently remarked that no man but one of a perfectly pure mind, could so far approach indecency without committing himself. Painters—as a class of aspirants in a widely-varied and difficult pursuit, in which all are considered but as students and experimentalists—talk more freely to each other of their ends and objects, and the means they take to reach them, than any other set of men—so that it was easy at any time to obtain access to the impulses under which any of the subjects and works of Etty were produced. As a general fact, it is unquestionably true that very little of the matter of his pictures was matter of forethought. It came to him in the course of his practice, and had then to be modified and turned to account; that is to say, forms and accompaniments were there, and had to be treated subject-like, and named with the best names that could be found for them. A picturesque attitude, or combination of forms, if naked, were nymphs bathing; varied with costume and auxiliaries, in posture and action, it was Bacchanalian or rural sports, or something else. In groups and in single figures it was the same: an old head with a beard black or grey was a Jew, a high priest, or a prophet; a naked beauty was a Venus; clothed and wreathed, a Sappho; with dishevelled hair, a Magdalen; with wings, an Angel. In any case, very charming pictures were made of them, and people admired and bought them as fast as they were produced. The Parnassus of Etty—although painting appears to have no representation among the Muses—was the life-academy in St. Martin's Lane. From this a great deal that inspired subjects for Art came, and was worked up by the happy magic of the palette into forms of life and beauty. Etty, like Lawrence, was an embodied industry. From the time Etty was a young student in the schools of the Royal Academy, to near the period of his death, perhaps he never lost, during the whole of his life, one entire year of time. Every evening he was to be found in his place in the life-school, working harder than the rawest tyro, and profiting, as he himself asserts, by the light, shadow, and colour of lamp-light effects. Always good-natured and simple, whilst in the schools of the Academy his fellow pupils used to joke, and asked him how he would manage to continue to work as a pupil when he should become an Academician.

Like all men of talent, reposing upon real artistic strength, Etty had no secrets, either in his nature or his art; in both he was as open and free as the day. He had his own views of Art, of course, and some peculiarities in his practice, and these he defended and spoke of without reserve, but it was only in his pictures that he poetized or walked out of the beaten track. Domestically he was moderate,

social, and hospitable, and had rather a liking for having artistic and other friends about him. He did not at all shine in conversation, nor attempt to shine; but the whole tendency of his mind, feelings, and opinions was marked with an honest simplicity, and a decided conventional propriety. Like many a simple man, content to remain in that character, it is possible that Etty's stock of information passed for much less than it was worth, for it is quite certain that great modesty does not set off acquirement. Etty was strongly attached to his art, and had perfectly correct notions of advancing its interests and its dignity. He was chosen one of the judges of the cartoons exhibited in Westminster Hall, and there can be no doubt that in giving his opinion he acted with the most scrupulous honesty, and the most perfect justice. I remember well the expression of his earnest regret made to me, that they could not (his colleagues and himself) concede one of the prizes to poor Haydon, for his cartoon of the Black Prince, &c. In this sad matter he spoke with the deepest sympathy and regret; he spoke very freely and sensibly of the unequal balance of professional and non-professional power employed in the decisions of that little-studied, new, and untried matter. Poor Haydon, no doubt, felt the decision unfavourable to him most keenly; it proved a death-blow to him, poor fellow, and ended a life of bitter strife and privation.

In conformity with his mode of practice, Etty appears to have made very few sketches of his pictures; that would have betrayed more forethought than was ever given to them, and a different course of study to that pursued. There is, in consequence, very little subject in his works, no incident or episode, and very little of what painters understand by learned composition. The great charm of his pictures is colour,—not of a high order,—and that fleshiness, pulpiness, and what the Italians call *morbidezza*, which is peculiar to female form and texture. In this it is to be questioned if any painter, ancient or modern, has ever equalled him. This is a quality of Art to be looked for nowhere so rationally as in modern Art, and not in modern, but in English art, where alone it has been found; it is a pure result of process directed by feeling, and can only emanate from it.

It is greatly to be regretted that in the later part of his career Etty fell into some mannerism, both in respect to treatment and drawing, prejudicial to his works. His female forms lost much of their true natural character, and became fashionable and small-waisted, like women who have for their whole lives been pinched up in stays and bandages; and he fell into an ugly method of projecting dark shadows upon parts, which destroyed both their beauty and form. The loose, free mode of handling adopted by Etty was highly favourable to chromatic effects, the iridescence and brightness of colour. In his mode of operation I observed he put in an outline, which, being either in water-colour, or having dried first upon the canvas, was not disturbed by brushing over or wiping off; thus he had no trouble or concern in the filling up, and in the rubbings off of colour that required to be removed. There is no artist upon the principles of whose style and practice so little can be said, because there was but one idea pursued in them; this was, in a word, to produce *flesh*, with its peculiar charms of colour, transparency, and softness; everything else in the picture was subsidiary to this. However pleasing, this object is a confined one. Of action, character, and expression there was nothing; all was listlessness and indifference. Whole groups of figures were assembled doing nothing. If in the water, they were idly enjoying it; if on board some boat, or gilded bark, they were reposing, and, perhaps, holding threads, without appearing to be concerned in what they were doing: upon the green earth, or in beds of flowers, they rested and reclined, with musical instruments in their hands—they did not play upon them, but gracefully held them as the models did from which they were painted, in a manner which combined agreeably with the colours and forms about them. Eyes that were open were supposed to see, and mouths under the same circumstances to speak or to sing.

So mighty and multifarious is Art in its province and powers, that this partial manifestation left nothing to be desired, but was perfect and satisfactory in itself. The creatures of the artist, although

human, required but the ornamental truth alone; they were devoid of the interior, which contains the passions and the feelings that ruffle and disturb the surface. The art of Etty was confined to the exterior creatures, and it never essayed to go deeper. It is in this aim and achievement that he is to be judged, and whoever looks for more does him an injustice; it was not the thing, but its aspect, that he painted.

As one wielding that mightiest of all instruments, the pen, over his character, I should grieve to do a wrong to one single hair of that head which is now quietly reposing in honour beneath the turf, and whose like in the world of Art it will be long before we see again. I wish only that he should fit into the niche for which nature intended him, and the true genius of Art assigns him. He cannot suffer by this, but in the eyes of ignorance, whose faulty estimate assigns false honours to places in the Temple of Fame, in which true taste alone sets up her own proper images. The *high* and the *low* in Art are matters of exceedingly difficult decision. The definition put forth by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been so readily received and so little acted upon, becomes questionable by consideration. Reynolds remarks that the intellect employed in the creation of the work, and the intellectual pleasure given by it, form the scale of its merits (*verbatim*). This reposes Art upon a power common to all men, instead of that which belongs to the few, and which men regard as genius. Etty's powers were not intellectual, and required neither high intellect in their exercise, nor in the appreciation of what they produced; they are so rare among men, as to give them that claim to the notice of the world which they received at its hands, and which they will ever command in open rivalry with the highest products of intellect which is common to all men. In the productions of his pictures, Etty worked by a power more rare among men than intellect, and altogether beyond the scope of acquirement, the nature and the rarity of which must be combined in the estimate of its value, whatever price is set upon it.

In a letter to me on the subject of national encouragement, and of making Art subservient to religious and moral purposes, Etty displays all the right feeling and intelligence the subject demands. As a moral teacher, he considers that Art is capable of being employed in the highest of all offices,—in assisting to produce, by its correcting and softening influence, that "great prop and bulwark of a country, a moral and a healthy population;" that the exclusion of Art from the cause of God and religion is the greatest of all mistakes; that the study of all which tends to elevate the Creator through the objects of the creation, elevates the mind and calls forth its best energies and its highest resources; and that this fact and feeling is evidenced in our Gothic buildings, which all venerate; and that in the beautiful structure and its ornaments all is but *picture*. He thinks that through Art, as through music, religion makes a warmer appeal to the heart, and that earnestness is induced where otherwise lightness and apathy might prevail.

No judge is so infallible as the world, if you give it time; but as long as it continues to judge by the standard set up in its infancy, it will always be liable to error. In the judgment of the world the subjects chosen by Etty, devoid of serious thought and tending to excite the passions, would be regarded as rather allied with loose feeling and profligacy than sobriety; yet he possessed not only an innocent, but a pious mind, and right feeling.

Etty, like many an artist, was, in the latter part of his career, induced to abandon the regions in which he found his real strength, and to appear in those which could not be regarded as his home. The few large pictures he painted required the employment of what he was never called upon to exercise in his early and ordinary works,—thought and knowledge of things which he had not studied and acquired, and for which nature gives no more than the aptitude. In all there is the charm of colour, which here is not enough, where strong character, appropriate action, and expression are indispensable. His Academy studies had furnished him with some portion of the necessary knowledge of form and development, but it did not extend beyond the Academic in force and truth, and has none of the vitality which distinguishes intelligence, life, and nature.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART IV.—TEMPLES, ARCHES, &c.



APPLY for us we are not political journalists: it is no part of our duty to watch and chronicle the events which, at certain intervals of time, convulse nations, and seem to mock the wisdom of the wise, and to set at naught the guiding hand of statesman and diplomatist, however experienced in the science of government. We stand in need of no "special correspondent" to report to us, for the information of our readers, the march of contending armies, to tell of victories and defeats, to describe the horrors of war, the field of slaughter, the desolation of countries, the ruin of city and hamlet, the destruction of home and habitation, the letting loose "the dogs of war" over the fairest portions of God's earth, when

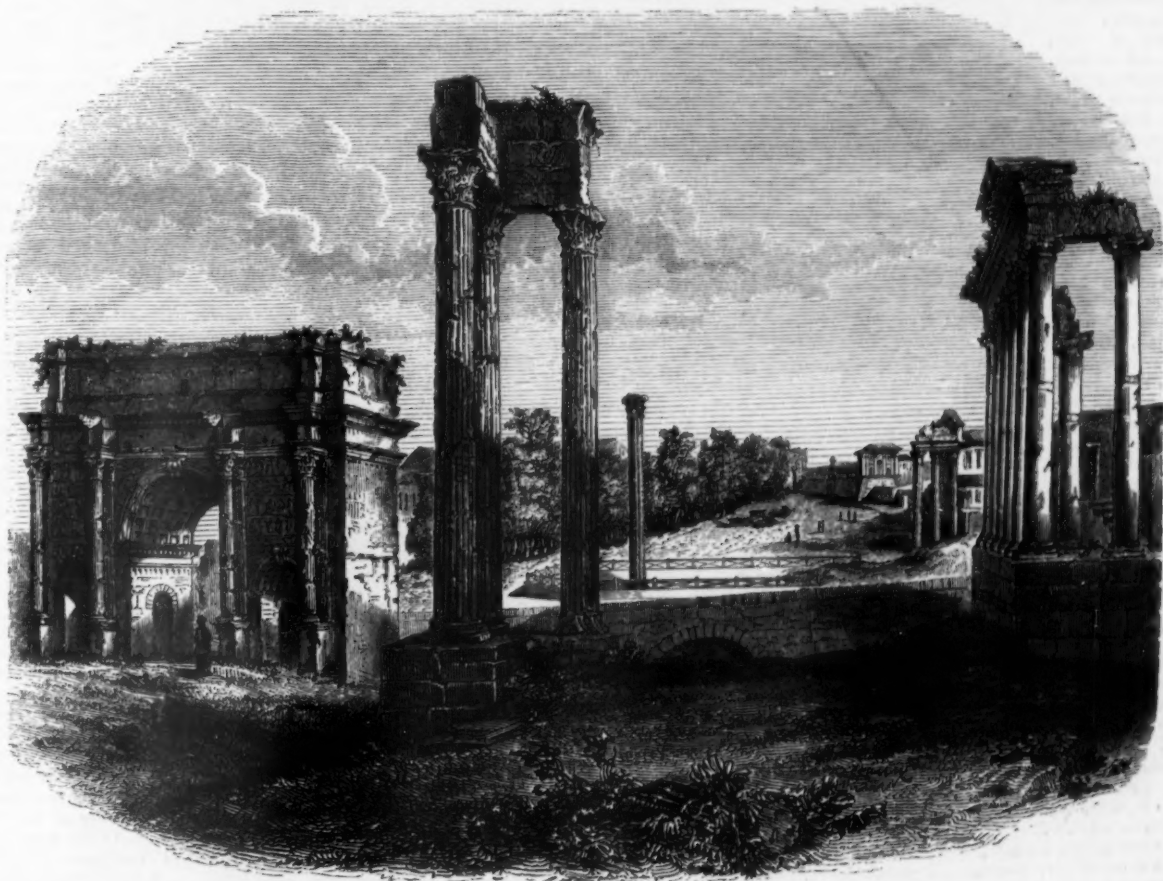
"Sacked towns, and midnight howlings through the realm,
Proclaim their presence:"

such tasks we are not called upon to perform,—and we are perfectly willing to leave them to other hands. But yet events have taken place recently, which, viewed in connection with the remarks made in the opening chapter of this series of papers, we can scarcely pass over without reference. It was there stated that Italy had become, politically, a by-word and reproach—a country almost unrecognised as a nation, and holding her position in the world more on account of the magnitude and wealth of her Art-treasures, than by the efforts of her sons to restore the land of their birth to the liberty it once enjoyed. A few months have sufficed to rescue at least a portion of the country from the reproach that clung to it. The eyes of the civilized world have, during this brief period, been turned to some of the Italian States

struggling to emancipate themselves from the bondage of the foreigner or the vassalage of native rulers. The contest has terminated as suddenly as it was commenced. The surface of the land has been deluged with the blood of no craven hearts among the hostile ranks, yet whether the cause for which it was so freely poured forth has been attained, can scarcely be doubted; the storm has passed over the country, it has laid waste many a goodly heritage, but appears to have produced no other results than disappointment, both to victors and vanquished. Fortunately, it did not extend so far as the pontifical city, or we might have had to deplore the destruction of those glorious works of Art we have undertaken to describe,—a task we now resume.

In a former article (*vide p. 138*) a view of the Forum of Rome was introduced: both in that representation, and in the one below, the spectator cannot but be impressed with the desolation that marks the locality. Standing at the base of the Capitol,—the point at which the artist who made the two drawings must have placed himself, though he shifted his position for the latter sketch, and has omitted the row of trees forming the *Via Sacra*,—this once noted and favourite resort of the ancient Roman people rises up, a grand yet melancholy spectacle, as if to show how impotent is the power of nations to maintain their sovereignty when the decree has gone forth for its subversion, and how futile is the art of man to preserve the monuments of his genius from the destroying hand of Time.

The view of the Forum, as represented in the engraving below, is certainly finer than that on a former page: to the left is the Arch of Septimius Severus; the three columns in the foreground are the only remains of the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Tonans; to the right are the eight columns of the Temple of Fortune, or of the Vespiani (*vide pp. 138, 139, ante*); the single column in the middle distance is the Column of Phocas (*vide p. 238, ante*); to the right of this are the beautiful remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, now commonly called by archaeologists, the *Grecostasis*; and, if the reader will take the trouble to refer to the preceding view of the Forum, he will see the Arch of Titus in the distance; and among the range of buildings to the left are the Basilica of Paulus Emilius, now the Church of St. Adrian, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the Basilica of Constantine, fragments of the Temple of Venus and Rome, on the site of which is the Church of St. Francesca



THE FORUM.

Romana, and the Shrine of St. Peter and St. Paul, constructed near the Tullian and Mamertine dungeons: all these interesting objects are contained within a range of four or five hundred yards.

The three beautiful columns comprising the ruin of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans—as it is termed by Roman antiquarians, but which Chevalier Bunsen, and other German authorities, call the Temple of Saturn—are situated on the western side of the Temple of Fortune. The temple was erected by Augustus, and was dedicated to Jove the Thunderer, to commemorate his escape from a thunderstorm, during his Cantabrian expedition, when a slave who carried a torch before him, it being night time, was struck dead by lightning: at

subsequent periods it was restored by Septimius Severus and Caracalla. We cannot pretend to determine the question upon which learned antiquarians differ as to the precise name that should be given to these columns; it is sufficient to remark, the latest authorities incline to the opinion that they belonged originally to the Temple of Saturn, which stood on the *Clivus Capitolinus*, the site of the ruins now standing. They were brought to light by the French, who discovered them, in the early part of the present century, buried nearly to the capitals in an accumulation of rubbish: by digging into the soil they found that the basement of the columns had been partially removed; "it was therefore necessary," says a writer in "Murray's Handbook," "to remove the

entablature, and secure the shafts by scaffolding; the basement was then carefully restored, the ground cleared, and the entablature replaced in its original position." The columns are of Carrara marble, in the Corinthian style, deeply fluted, and are considered fine examples of that order of architecture.

Our next illustration represents three columns remaining from the TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR, standing in front of the Church of Sta Maria Liberatrice. These ruins have been the subject of much discussion among antiquarians, the prevailing opinion now being that they are a portion of the edifice, built about two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, for the reception of foreign ambassadors, when the senate received them in audience; and as the plenipotentiaries from Phyrus, King of Epirus, were the first who presented themselves in the building, it was called *Grecostatis*. According to Sir Francis Head, "the *Grecostatis* was rebuilt and considerably extended by Antoninus Pius, who elevated the new building on a lofty substructure of brick sheathed with marble, accessible by a triple-branched flight of steps ending in a single and a broader flight, that led to the platform in front. The aspect of the principal façade facing across the Campo Vaccino towards the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina was a little to the northward of east, and this façade was ornamented with eight columns, and each of the flanks with thirteen or with fifteen columns." To judge by those now standing, isolated in the midst of the Forum, they must be regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Roman architecture of the Augustan age: they are of white marble, and of beautiful proportions, about fifty-two feet in height, fourteen feet nine inches in circumference, or four feet ten inches in diameter: the entablature is exquisitely wrought, and appears to exceed in depth the ordinary proportions. Between the flutings may here and there be observed patches of red colour, showing them to have been at one time painted: we should scarcely consider this an improvement on pure white marble.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA, engraved on the next page, standing near the banks of the Tiber, at a short distance from the Ponte Rotto and the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, is now a Christian church; it was first consecrated under the name of S. Stefano delle Carrozze, and subsequently, about the year 1480, in the pontificate of Sixtus IV., under that of S. Maria del Sole: public worship has, however, long ceased within its walls, and admission to examine it can only be obtained by application to the keeper, who lives close by. This temple is among the most generally admired edifices in Rome, and the numerous bronze models of it have caused it to be better known than, perhaps, any other building in the city. Temples dedicated to Vesta were frequent in ancient Rome, Numa Pompilius having ordered the erection of one in each of the *curie*, or wards: this one is not supposed to be of the number of those originally built in conformity with the commands of Numa, but is assigned to a much later date, the period of the Antonines. It is circular in form, and consists of a *cella*, or chapel, surrounded by nineteen fluted Corinthian columns of Parian marble, the twentieth has been destroyed. The chapel, as described by Sir G. Head, is nearly one hundred and sixty-nine feet in circumference, and in the most perfect state of preservation to the extent of about two-thirds the height from the pavement, above which point the remainder has been

completed in modern times with brickwork: it is formed of blocks of Parian marble, laid together with surprising exactness. The entablature has entirely disappeared, and a modern roof of red tiles has, with singularly bad taste, been substituted for the original covering. Between the columns, which are about three feet in diameter, and thirty-four in height, are iron rails, through which entrance is gained by a door composed of rough, unplanned planks, to the interior, whose ceiling is nothing more than the bare surface of the tiles and rafters: the pavement is composed of rough slabs of marble. "The only altar which appears ever to have been erected in the building in Christian times is still in existence, situated in the usual position opposite the entrance. It is an altar of the most ordinary description, of which the pediment and its pair of columns are a painted imitation of marble."* The fountain which stands close by is of modern date.

Leaving, at least for the present, the other Roman temples unnoticed, we pass on to describe one of the most magnificent remains of the ancient city, the ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, considered the most perfect of all the triumphal arches now existing. It is situated at the entrance of the Via di S. Gregorio,

on the spot known as the Via Triumphalis; and was erected by the senate and people in honour of Constantine, to commemorate his victory over the Emperor Maxentius, who had disgusted his subjects with his licentiousness and cruelties. This event happened about A.D. 306, a date which nearly determines the antiquity of the arch. Some antiquarians are of opinion that its form and proportions are too good for the period of Constantine, when a debased style of architecture began to prevail; and they regard it as the Arch of Trajan, the exact site of which has never been determined, remodelled and redecorated to adapt it to the purpose intended. There is, however, no doubt that some of the bas-reliefs and ornaments on the arch belonged originally to that of Trajan. Like many other noble remains of ancient art in Rome, a considerable portion of it is buried for centuries in accumulated earth and rubbish; but in the early part of the present century Pius VII., who had already restored to light those portions of the arch of Septimius Severus as had long been hidden, commenced operations on this also; and, a few years after, Leo XII. completed the work, and reduced the entire surface of the ground on both sides of the structure to its original level.



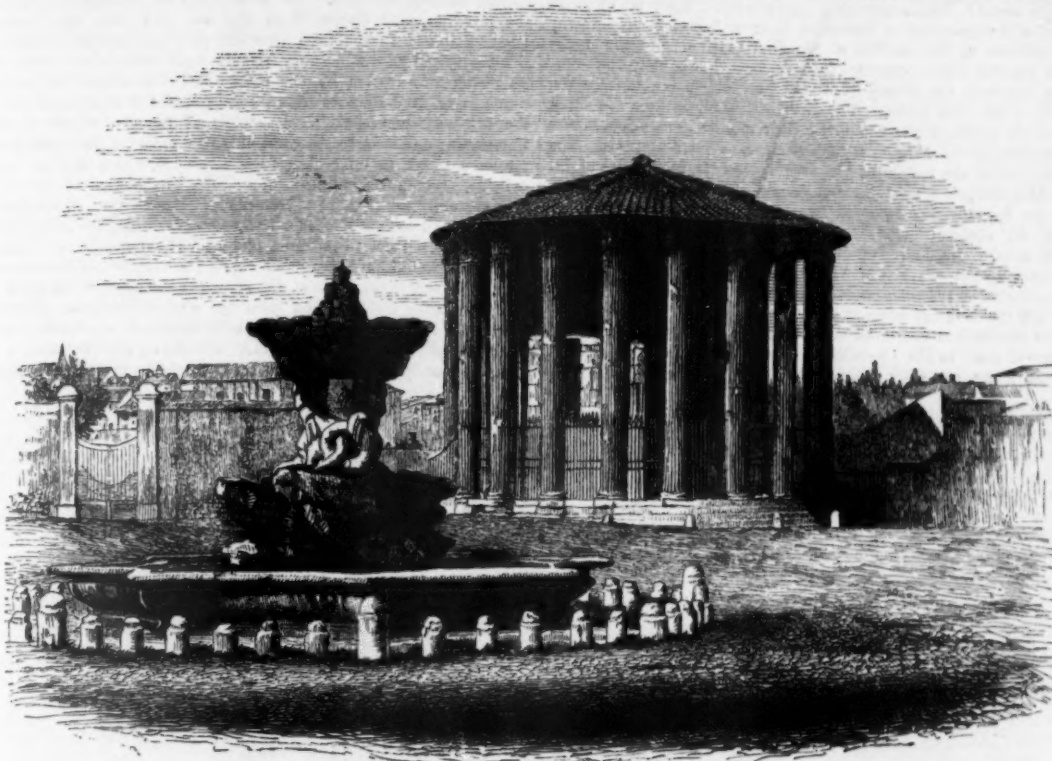
COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR.

The Arch of Constantine, like that just referred to, has three archways, with four columns, of the Corinthian order, on each front; behind these, and resting on the same pedestals, are the same number of fluted Corinthian pilasters; seven of these columns are of *gallico antico*. The eighth was originally of the same material, but it is said to have been taken away by Clement VIII., for an altar in the Lateran, and the present one substituted in its place. It is all, however, so discoloured by age and weather that it is difficult to determine with any certainty the exact material of which they are made. The pedestals of the columns are, as the engraving shows, unusually lofty, and they are ornamented on their three sides with bas-reliefs: on the spandrel of the principal archway is a bas-relief of Fame, on each side; and on the spandrels of the smaller archways is a recumbent figure, also on each side. The description of

* "Rome: A Tour of Many Days." By Sir George Head. Longman & Co., London.

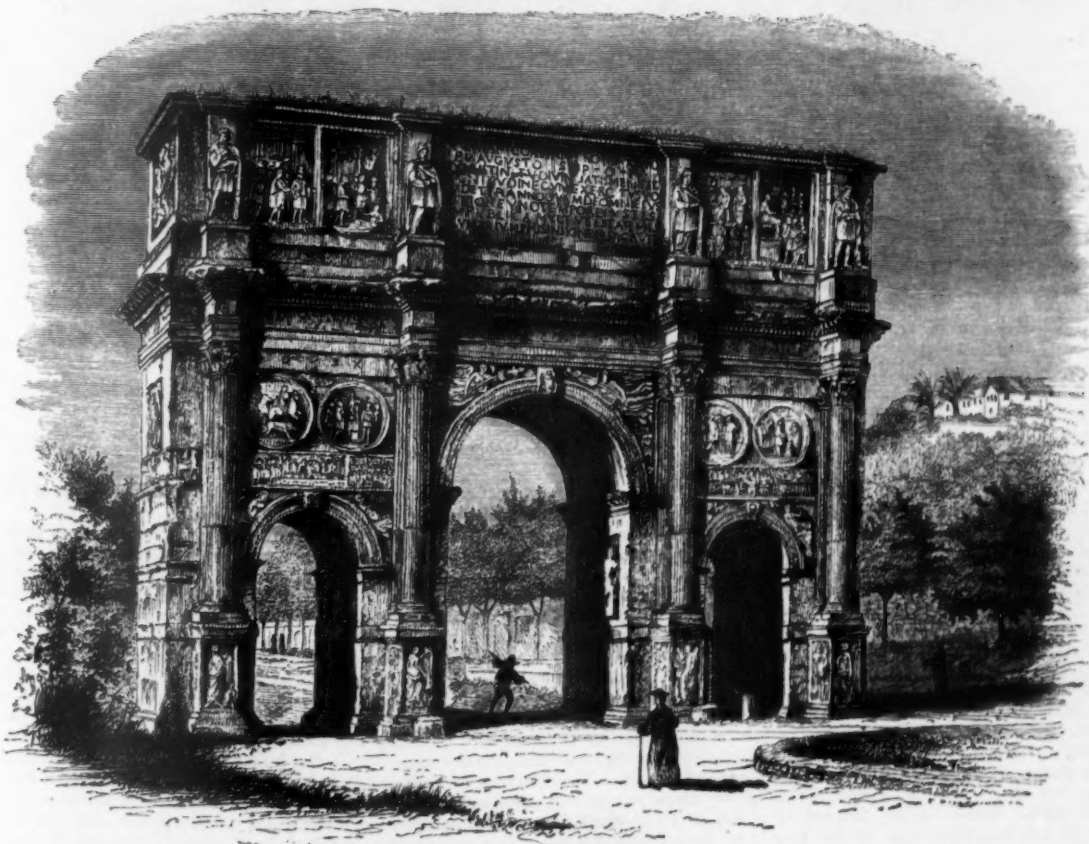
the arch given in "Murray's Handbook of Rome" is so concise and intelligible, that we cannot do better than adopt it:—"On each attic are four square

bas-reliefs, and over each of the smaller arches are two circular medallions, all relating to the history of Trajan. The square reliefs on the flanks of the attic,



THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

and the statues of the Dacian captives (surmounting the columns), belong to some arch of Trajan, and are easily distinguished from the inferior sculptures of



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

Constantine two hundred years later. The square reliefs on the front facing the Coliseum" (that seen in the engraving) "represent—1. the triumphal entry of Trajan into Rome; 2. the emperor raising a recumbent figure, an allegorical allusion to the repairs of the Appian Way; 3. his supplying the

people with provisions; 4, the emperor on a chair of state, while a person, supposed to be Parthamasis, King of Armenia, is brought before him. On the southern side are—1. Trajan crowning Parthamaspes, King of Parthia; 2. the Discovery of the conspiracy of Decebalus, King of Dacia; 3. the emperor addressing his soldiers; 4. the sacrifice of the Suovetaurilia. On the flanks of the attic are the two reliefs, supposed to have formed originally one compartment; they represent the victory of Trajan over Decebalus, and are the very finest works of the kind extant. The circular medallions over the small arches represent the sports of the chase, and their attendant sacrifices. The works of Constantine do not harmonize with these beautiful sculptures. The frieze which goes round the middle of the arch represents, in a series of independent bas-reliefs, military processions and various events in the life of Constantine. On the flanks of the arch are two round medallions, representing the chariots of the sun and moon, typifying the emperor's dominion over the east and the west. The figures of Fame over the arch, the bas-reliefs of the piers representing the conquest of Verona and the fall of Maxentius, the figures on the pedestals of the columns, also belong to the age of Constantine, and show how low the Arts had fallen at that time."

But from the associations connected with it, not one of the ancient edifices of Rome offers—at least to the Christian mind—more interesting matter of thought than the ARCH OF TITUS, which forms the last of our illustrations.

The object itself, independent of the ornaments that embellish it, can scarcely fail to recall to the mind that most pathetic remonstrance, followed by the solemn warning and prediction uttered against Jerusalem—"Thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." This arch was erected by the senate and the people, to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, within half a century from the period when the prophecy was spoken. It stands at the end of the Forum, near the Colosseum; and is interesting not only as a record of Scripture history, but also for its elegance as an architectural structure, which may be designated as a massive, rectangular building, of marble, surmounted by an attic, and having a single arch, unlike those of Severus and Constantine, which have three. The frontage both ways is similar, showing on each side four fluted columns of composite order. Prior to the time of Pius VII., the edifice was in almost hopeless decay, and would have become a total ruin but for the judicious restorations made under the superintendence of the architect Valladier, by order of that pontiff; these are easily distinguished from the ancient portions. Upon the southern façade the frieze is sculptured in bold bas-relief, representing a procession of warriors leading oxen to the sacrifice; and above, upon the attic, is the following original inscription, finely-sculptured, in clear, capital characters, which are



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

perfectly legible:—SENATVS . POPVLVSQVE . ROMANVS . DIVO . TITO . DIVI . VESPASIANI . F . VESPASIANO . AVGVSTO . The side towards the Forum has suffered more severely than the other, only a portion of the basement and about half of the columns being preserved, with the mutilated figures of Victory, in bas-relief, on the spandrels of the arch. The sides, which are of very considerable depth, are completely covered with the celebrated bas-reliefs, representing the triumphal procession of Titus to the Capitol with the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem. "Of these interesting works of Art, executed in an excellent style of sculpture, each on a single slab of white marble extending the whole depth of the aperture, the one on the eastern side represents Titus seated in a chariot, drawn by four horses abreast, led by a figure of Rome personified by a female, and accompanied by another female figure of Victory, the latter holding a chaplet above the head of the Conqueror of the Holy City, and hovering over the chariot, which is preceded and followed by numerous groups of senators, citizens, licitors bearing their fasces, &c. The bas-relief on the western side is a continuation of the same procession, consisting of captive Jewish soldiers, followed by several of those identical implements of religious observance in the Temple of Jerusalem that are actually detailed in the Bible, and appear here represented in marble by the artist whose own eyes beheld them. Here, accordingly, is to be seen an exact resemblance of the very objects in the state in which they existed at the period in question, including the table of gold, the seven-branched golden candlestick, and the silver trumpets, all borne on men's shoulders, and very

clearly recognisable, though the heads of some of the bearers are deficient, and the bodies much mutilated."

The three arches of which, in this and a preceding paper (*ante*, p. 139), a brief description has been given, are the principal structures of the kind in Rome; but there are some others, such as the Arch of Drusus, the Arch of Dolabella, the Arch of Gallienus, &c., that the lover of antiquities who visits the city should not omit to see. All of these works, as well as the columns and temples we have noticed, belong to the period of the empire when Rome appeared in her greatest architectural magnificence, for which she was chiefly indebted to the example of Augustus, whose highest ambition, after he was firmly seated on the imperial throne, was to extend the limits of the city and to adorn it with whatever could add to its splendour. But the further we proceed in examining the architecture of Rome, from his reign to his successors, the more apparent is the decline of pure principles and pure taste; the influence of Greek Art is, indeed, manifest, and the Corinthian type everywhere obtrudes, but so debased in style, and oftentimes so loaded with worthless and meretricious ornament, that if the architects and sculptors of Athens and Corinth could witness some of these Roman exhibitions of Greek Art, they would at once repudiate it as a falsity: at any rate, there is in them a manifest departure from the simplicity and elegance of the works of the Greeks.

J. DAFORNE.

THE
NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND:
THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.
WITH A GLANCE AT THE FLAGS OF
OTHER NATIONS.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF A "MANUAL OF BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGY,"
"CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES," "MONU-
MENTAL DRESS AND BLADE," ETC., ETC.

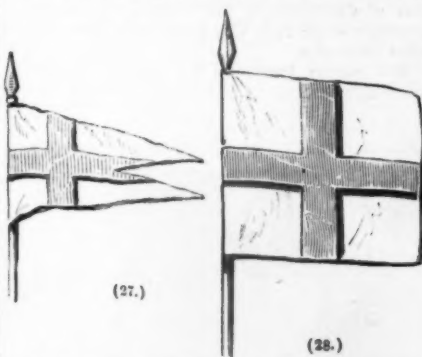
"... In the air
A thousand streamers floated fair,—
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue;
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew:
Highest and midmost was descried
The Royal Banner floating wide."

Marmion, iv. 38.

PART V.—THE BANNER.

THE BANNER was of a square form, or nearly so, and it was charged with the complete coat-of-arms of the bearer or owner, but not with any other device. The armorial insignia were displayed upon the entire area of the banner, covering it as they would cover a shield. A pennon, with its points torn off, would very closely resemble a banner: and thus banners were often actually made in the middle ages on the field of battle, when a knight, because of his gallantry, was advanced to the higher rank of KNIGHT-BANNERET by the sovereign himself, present in person, under his own royal banner displayed. On such occasions, a part of the ceremony of creation consisted in the king commanding the points to be torn off from the heraldic pennon that every knight was entitled to bear, thus reducing it to the square form of the banner, by which the knight in question was thenceforth to be distinguished. For that purpose the knight, bearing his pennon in his own hand, was led between two other knights before the king, when an herald said,—“May it please your grace, this gentleman hath shown himself valiant in the field, and for so doing deserveth to be advanced to the degree of knight-banneret, as worthy to bear a banner in the war. Then,” adds the chronicler, “the king shall cause the points of his pennon that they be rent off.” Such was one of the customs prevalent in those dark ages, when, without either payment of money, or any other interest than his own worthiness as it was attested by his comrades in arms, a good soldier was promoted on the instant upon the field of battle.

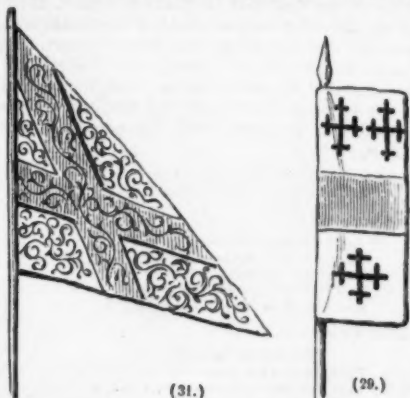
The difference in form and appearance between the pennon and the banner may be characteristically exemplified by placing side by side the pennon (27)



and the banner of St. George (28). The difference in signification between these two ensigns was very important, and amounted to this, that whereas the pennon was the personal ensign of the knight himself, who bore it upon his own lance, the banner was the collective ensign of a knight-banneret together with the knights, men-at-arms, and others who were under his command. Thus, while the pennon indicated knightly rank, the banner was the emblem of military authority. It was the troop-colour of a knight's or baron's special command, and its position declared the presence of the chief himself or of his delegated representative. Every officer in command, from the king downward, had

his banner; and it was the heraldic blazon upon any banner which, by determining to whom it belonged, determined the military rank of the individual by whom it was displayed.

In many of the groups of military figures that appear in the illuminations and other works of mediæval artists, the banners borne by different chiefs upon their lances are represented to have been cut very short in proportion to their depths; in some instances, indeed, they extended but a few



inches from the shafts of the lances. Banners of this form were adopted apparently with the view to prevent their fluttering in the wind, and thus impeding the free action of the knightly weapon. The accompanying example (29) is from one of the illuminations in the celebrated MS. of Matthew Paris, preserved at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Other examples of these short banners appear in the fragment (30) of a painting that once adorned the walls of the “Painted Chamber” at Westminster. This same fragment contains a triangular flag, which may have been a pennon of unusually large dimensions. Similar triangular flags are not uncommon in the representations of mediæval warfare and jousting. I give another specimen (31) from the decorations of St. Stephen's

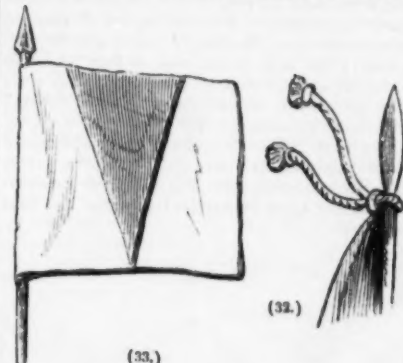


Chapel, Westminster; and I may refer to the knightly figures in the side niches of the canopy of the Hasting's brass, at Elyng, in Norfolk, for further illustrations of this class of lance-flags.

The curious and interesting effigy of Sir Robert de Shurland (about A.D. 1310), at Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy, illustrates the manner in which banners were sometimes attached to lances by straps or cords (32), a usage of which the remembrance is retained by us in the cords and tassels that we attach to the heads of our own military flag-staves. The more prevalent custom, however, in the middle ages appears to have been to wrap the banner itself round the staff, and then fasten it by sewing, as may be supposed to be the arrangement in the greater number of my illustrative examples.

Froissart, in his admirable Chronicle, has given us the following graphic account of the first appearance on the field of battle of the banner of a newly-

created knight-banneret. Sir John Chandos, one of the Knights Founders of the Garter, appeared with his maiden banner at the battle of Navaret, on



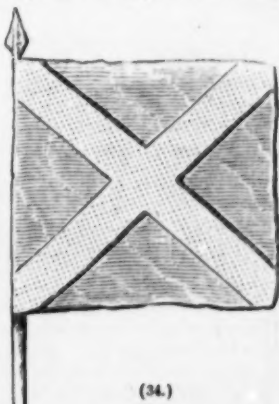
the morning of Feb. 3, 1367. “He brought his banner in his hand,” says the chronicler, “rolled up, and said to the Prince of Wales,—the Black Prince—“My lord, behold here is my banner; I deliver it to you in this way”—furled, or rolled, round the staff, that is—“that it may please you to display it, and that this day I may raise it: for, thank God, I have land and heritage sufficient to support the rank as it ought to be.” Then the prince and the king—Don Pedro—took the banner (which was of silver, with a sharp pile, gules, (33,) between their hands by the staff, and displayed it, and returned it to him, saying,—“Sir John, behold your banner! May God grant that you may do your duty!” Then Sir John Chandos bore his banner to his own company, and said,—“Sirs, behold here my banner and yours: keep it as your own!”

“Sir John, behold your banner,” said the Black Prince, “may God grant that you may do your duty!” In these memorable words the heroic son of the third Edward anticipated the sentiment with which, in after times, another true English hero should sum up his triumphant career. It was not, indeed, on the occasion of the first display of a well-earned banner that NELSON spoke; still, through the agency of flags it was that his last appeal thrilled through the exulting fleet, when

“Along the line the signal ran,—
ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN
THIS DAY WILL DO HIS DUTY!”

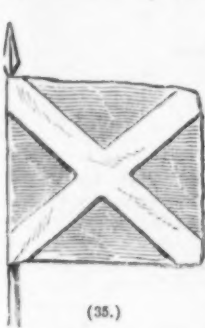
And the responsive cheer which spontaneously arose, —a fitting prelude to the thunders of the fight,—proclaimed that then, as of yore, as now also, England might rely upon the dutiful devotion of her sons.

I must return to Sir John Chandos, “the flower of English chivalry,” for the purpose of adding that he fell in a skirmish near the bridge of Iasac, Dec. 31, 1370. His death is described by Froissart in a manner no less vivid than that in which the chronicler has recorded the first appearance of his banner. He appears to have been buried at Mortemer, where he died of his wound. His tomb, as described by Sir S. R. Meyrick (“Archæologia,” xx.

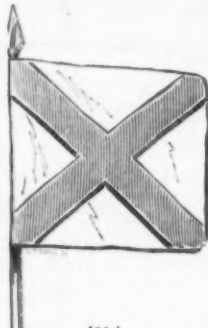


484), is a coped stone coffin, resting upon low pillars, and having sculptured upon it the banner, lance, and shield of the knight.

In feudal times lands and other properties were held by many persons and communities who were not members of the military profession, but who still were bound (in respect of their land and revenues) to contribute their contingents of men for military service. Banners, which might be displayed in the field at the head of their respective forces, were assigned to all such persons and communities. Thus, all the monasteries of England had their own banners. The banner of the great Abbey of St. Alban—the premier abbey of England—for example, bore on a field of blue a golden saltire, or diagonal cross (34). Such an ecclesiastical banner would be displayed in war at the head

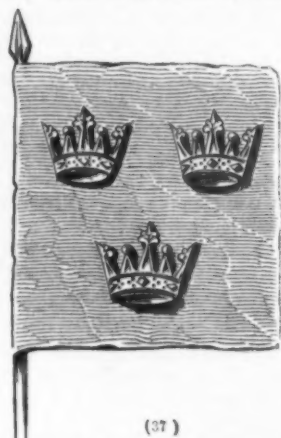


(35.)



(36.)

of the armed vassals of the monastery, and its presence would denote that they appeared in that capacity. In processions, and other peaceful solemnities, the same banner would appear at the pleasure of the Abbot of St. Alban's. Famous and



(37.)

popular saints had their own banners, which were not in all cases directly associated with any religious establishment. Such were the banners of St. George of England (28); St. Andrew of Scotland (35), a blue flag, bearing a white saltire;



(38.)

St. Patrick of Ireland (36), a white flag, charged with a red saltire; St. Edward the Martyr (37), a blue flag, with three golden crowns; and St. Ed-

ward the Confessor, also a blue flag, charged with a cross fleury and five martlets of gold (38). In another class of ecclesiastical banners, portraits of sainted personages appear to have been represented, as in the instances of the banners of St. Peter of York, St. Wilfred of Beverley, St. John of Ripon, and St. Cuthbert of Durham. The banner of St. Cuthbert was regarded with peculiar reverence, and its presence was hailed as a most propitious presage of victory: it was displayed for the last time on the fatal field of Flodden, Sept. 9, 1513, by the Earl of Surrey, who took it northward with him, for that express purpose, from Durham. In one of his most effective passages, Sir Walter Scott has described, in such words as these, the agitated career of some of the noble and knightly ensigns at Flodden: he begins with the pennons of the lances,—

"In the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew."

Then—

"Amid the scene of tumult high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight."

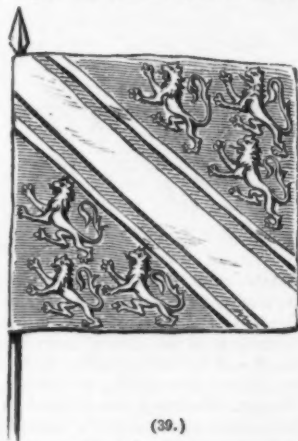
After a while—

"Fortune, on the right,
With sickle smile cheer'd Scotland's fight
Then fell that spotless banner white,—
The Howard's lion fell:
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew,
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell. . . .
Advanc'd, forc'd back,—now low, now high,
The banner sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd 'mid the foes."

Marmion's esquire, "a fiery youth," could then no longer endure to gaze from his distant post upon the falling ensign of his lord; he galloped to the host, followed by the archers of his train, and

"With desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large;
The rescued banner rose:
But darkly clos'd the war around,—
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes."

The most characteristic and interesting record of early mediæval banners that have waved in the breezes of England, is the "Roll of Caerlaverock," a contemporary Norman-French poem, which contains an accurate blazon of the armorial insignia of 106 Bannerets, who were marshalled under the royal banner of Edward I., at his siege of that border-fortress, in the year 1300. With the heraldic descriptions of the banners, the writer has associated slight but expressive sketches of the good knights who bore them. As an example of these ensigns, I give the banner (39) of the hereditary



(39.)

"Constable" of England, Humphrey de Bohun, the eighth of that name, Earl of Hereford and Essex, "a rich and elegant young man," as the "Roll" declares him to have been, who, two years afterwards, married Elizabeth Plantagenet, youngest daughter of the king. The De Bohun banner was blue, and it bore a silver bend, having on either side of it a "cotise" (or very narrow bend), and three small lions rampant of gold. Another of the Caerlaverock banners, of which I have also given a

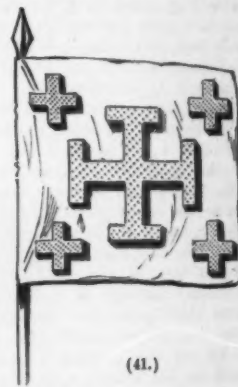
representation (40), was borne by the celebrated Anthony Bec, Bishop of Durham, who was present at the siege. His banner is remarkable from the



(40.)

circumstance, that it is described to have borne, not the arms of his see, but his paternal coat of Bec—a cross moline, ermine, upon a field of scarlet. It may be presumed, therefore, that the prelate appeared on this occasion rather in his temporal than in his ecclesiastical capacity, and that the soldiers who followed him formed his personal contingent, and not a band composed of vassals of his see.

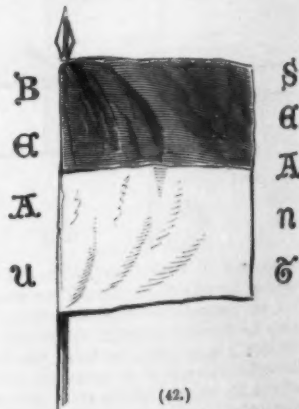
The banner of the crusader kings of Jerusalem (41) bore five golden crosses upon a ground of



(41.)

silver,—a composition exhibiting an intentional violation of that fundamental law of heraldry, which forbids any device to be represented in gold upon silver, or in silver upon gold,—for the express purpose of distinguishing the ensign of the Christian sovereign of the Holy City from the insignia of all other potentates.

The famous banner of the Knights Templar, called BEAU-SEANT (42), had its upper half black

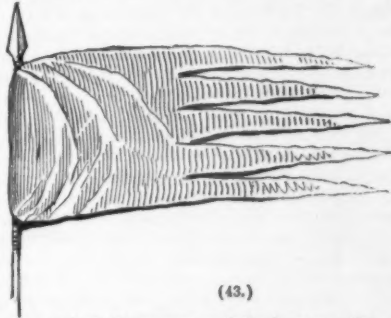


(42.)

and the lower white,—the black to typify terror to foes, and the white to proclaim amity and goodwill to friends. This ensign of the order is repeatedly represented in the painted decorations of the Temple Church in London, where it appears of narrow proportions, and having its title set forth beside it.

The war-cry of the Temple chivalry was also "*Beau-seant!*" and the Templars had for their device the *Agnus Dei*; a group consisting of two knights of the order mounted upon one horse, indicative of their original poverty; and a red cross of eight points worn upon a white ground. The Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, were distinguished by a white cross, of the same form as that worn by the Templars, upon a black ground.

The *Oriflamme*, the celebrated ensign of France, which was taken by the French kings from the Abbey of St. Denys only on occasions of great importance and necessity, and then displayed in front of their armies for the encouragement of the troops, may be considered to have partaken of the



(43.)

nature of both the pennon and the banner. It was a square flag (43), composed of a very rich bright scarlet or flame-coloured silk, quite plain, and without any device whatever, but it terminated in five long flame-like points. This sacred flag was given to the breeze in front of the armies of France for the last time at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415, when it waved solemnly above the heads of 60,000



(44.)

princes, nobles, knights, esquires, and men-at-arms. Since that day, the national banners of France and England have but too often met in hostile array, and been witnesses to many a fiercely-contested fight; more recently, they have been displayed side by side, in friendly alliance, in front of a common foe; and it is to be hoped that, throughout all time to come, these united flags may proclaim an uninter-

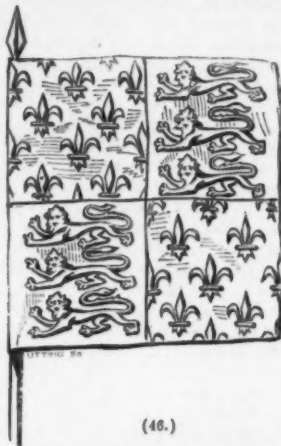


(45.)

rupted friendship between the two greatest nations in the world.

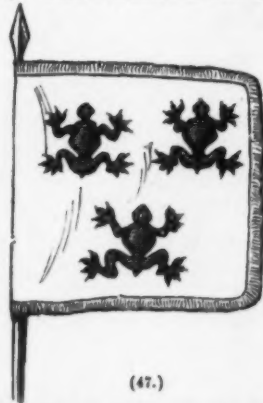
The royal banner of France, at the time of Agincourt, bore on a blue field three golden lilies, or

fleurs-de-lys (44). Before this period the fleurs-de-lys had been more in number, and they were scattered—*semée*—over the entire surface of the royal banner (45). Of these two banners, the earlier is distinguished as *France ancient*, and the later as *France modern*. The change was made by Charles VI. of France, on the accession of Henry V. to the English crown; for it is said that the French monarch very naturally felt aggrieved by the circumstance that the kings of England, as claimants of the crown of France also, quartered the lilies of France with the English lions (46),—



(46.)

accordingly, since the first and fourth quarters of the royal banner of England then were *azure, semée de lys*, Charles VI. reduced the number of the fleurs-de-lys in his own banner to three, thus producing a distinct heraldic ensign: whereupon king Henry V. of England did the like, and thenceforward for many years the three lilies of gold appeared in the royal banners of both England and France. The banner of Henry V., therefore, was the same with that of his successor of the house of Tudor, the eighth Henry (54), without the accessories of the green and white banner-staff or of a fleur-de-lys at its head. After the change effected by Charles VI., so long as the ancient fleur-de-lys continued to appear in a banner of France, the French kings ceased to make any further alteration in their armorial insignia. It is probable that King Charles VI. determined both on the number three for his fleurs-de-lys, and on their being so placed on his banner as to form a triangle resting upon its apex, in remembrance of a banner borne by his predecessors in very early days of the French monarchy. In this very ancient banner, which was white, three black frogs were arranged (as the heralds say), two and one—a single one, that is, beneath the two others (47). Such a banner has been assigned to



(47.)

Clovis himself, who may be considered to have founded the French monarchy in the beginning of the sixth century. The sketch that I have given is drawn from a copy of a representation of the ancient banner, that once existed in the cathedral at Rheims. The device of the three frogs, impaled with the fleurs-de-lys, is recorded to have been also borne by early French princes.

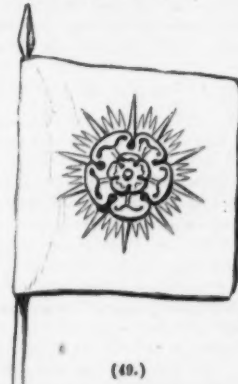
Throughout the fiercely-contested "Wars of the Roses," which began in 1455 at St. Alban's, and

were brought to an end on Bosworth Field in 1485, the royal banner that had been adopted by Henry V., and by him transmitted to his unfortunate son, was continually displayed at the head of both the conflicting armies. It was the royal banner of England, and the crown of England was challenged by the rival chiefs of both York and Lancaster; Lancastrians, therefore, and Yorkists alike followed to the field the quartered ensign with the lilies and the lions. Banners, bearing the arms of Warwick, and the other nobles who fought and fell in these devastating wars, were then familiar objects in England. With them might have been associated two other ensigns severally charged with the fatal "Roses" themselves—"the Red Rose and the White"—the Red Rose, deep ruby-coloured as the "aspiring blood of Lancaster" (48), and the white, encircled with the



(48.)

glittering rays of the "Sun of York" (49). The Lancastrian princes are supposed to have derived their well-known device from John of Gaunt, one of whose badges was a "red rose;" and the white rose of the rival house is supposed to have been first used by Edmund of Langley, from whom Edward IV. was descended in the female line. Edward IV. himself first assumed the *rose-en-soleil* as a badge after the victory of Mortimer's Cross, when three suns were said to have appeared in the heavens, which, as the day advanced, and the Yorkist arms prevailed, became united in one. Before, however, that this omen was fulfilled, more battles had to be fought,

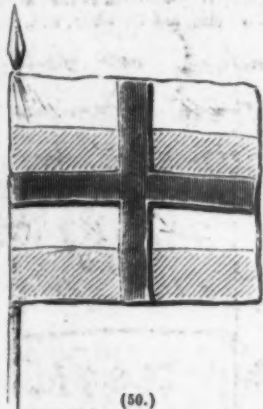


(49.)

and again the crown of England was destined to be both lost and won.

The banners in use in England after the accession of the sovereigns of the House of Tudor, in their general character resembled those of the previous period. STANDARDS then came into use, and appeared in association with banners in war, at tournaments, and on all solemn and festive occasions. It will be sufficient for me here to refer to two examples of Tudor banners, one of them a banner borne by Henry VII. before his accession, and the other a banner of his son and successor. Henry VII. took for the supporters of his royal arms a greyhound and a dragon. The dragon is said to have been the armorial ensign of Cadwallader, the last of the native British kings, from whom Henry, as a Tudor, apparently wished to declare his descent. This imaginary animal, a "red fierce dragon, beaten upon white and green sarcenet," was the charge of one of the three banners which the victor of Bosworth

laid upon the altar of St. Paul's, when he made his triumphant entry into London. Silver (or white) and green were the Tudor "livery colours." The other banner appears on board a boat, close in by the shore, in the curious picture at Hampton Court, representing the embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover, on his way to meet Francis I. at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," in 1520. The picture is attributed to Holbein, and I shall have occasion hereafter more than once to refer to it again. The banner in the boat is a "St. George," of large dimensions; but, instead of the red cross being upon its own proper ground of white, in this instance it has been set upon the livery colours of the king (50), on a field, that is, formed alternately of white



(50.)

and green bars (*barry, argent, and vert*). Another banner of St. George, in all respects heraldically correct, waves from a tower by the water-side.

In our own times, banners identical with those of the middle ages may be seen hung up above the stalls in the choir of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, and in the Chapel of Henry VII., at Westminster: they are severally the ensigns of the Knights of the Garter, and of the Knights Grand Crosses of the Bath. Other similar banners decorate Wolsey's Hall, at Hampton Court; and many other of these relics of the days of chivalry linger here and there, hung up high in dusty silence, perhaps in some old hall, or, by far more probably, above a tomb and an armed effigy, in some church or chapel that was "builded in the olden time."

Banners, besides being borne on staves and lances, were constantly attached to trumpets. Thus Chaucer says,—

"Every trumpet his lordis army bare."

At the Battle of Agincourt, the Duke of Brabant, who arrived late on the field, is said to have taken one of their banners from his trumpeters, and to have placed it about his own person, as his surcoat-of-arms. Shakspeare alludes to this when he says,—

"I will a banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste."

Banners continue to be attached to trumpets, both amongst ourselves and by other nations. In our trumpet-banners, however, we now so far deviate from the early practice as to place the royal arms, with the supporters and other accessories, upon the flags, instead of covering the whole area of each banner with the arms only.

Various modifications of the banner were, and still are, in use by heralds, on the occasion of state funerals, and other solemn pageants. Amongst these are the *bannerole*, an heraldic flag of rather small size, charged with the most important quarterings of the arms of any family; the *guidon*, a large white flag, emblazoned with certain appropriate heraldic devices, expressive of high rank and distinguished honour; the *great banner*, charged with numerous quarterings of arms; and others, of which the peculiar character and use would be in some degree determined by circumstances connected with the ceremonial at which they would be displayed.

PART VI.—BANNERS AT SEA.

At sea, it was customary, in the middle ages, for men-at-arms to be stationed in the tops, and at the bows, and on the forecastles of the different vessels, holding the banners of the chiefs who were on

board, and other similar flags; some of them, of a large size, were displayed, from banner-staves fixed for that purpose at the sterns and bows of the vessels, or at their mast-heads. From the principal vessel of a squadron the royal banner would be displayed: The armorial insignia of the king, and of his great barons, were also emblazoned, in the early days of our glorious navy, upon painted shields which hung round the bulwarks of the ships (where the hammocks are now stowed), precisely in accordance with a usage prevalent in the ships of war of antiquity; and they were repeated upon other painted figures of shields, with which it was the custom to surround the "tops," or "top-castles," as they were then called. Strange and unshipshape to a modern nautical eye as all representations of these old vessels appear, they still are eminently picturesque, and they sometimes bear even a noble aspect. As vehicles for heraldic display, they were eminently in high favour. Their armorial splendour of banners and shields was commonly increased by the characteristic usage of *emblazoning the entire sails* with the arms and cognizances of princes and chieftains. Thus, the sails themselves were converted into nautical banners. In one of the illuminations of the Cambridge copy of Matthew Paris, the "king's ship" is represented with the three lions of England emblazoned upon her solitary sail. The great seal of Richard Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.) illustrates the same practice about the middle of the fifteenth century (A. D. 1467). The ships in the "Embarkation of Henry VIII.," to which I have already made reference, are splendidly dressed with various flags; and they all have shields and other heraldic insignia painted in different parts of their hulls and rigging; but there are not any emblazoned sails. The sails of the ship, however, that the king honours with his magnificent presence are of cloth of gold: her banners—and those of the other vessels of the squadron are identical with them—are charged with the royal arms, and their staves are painted of the Tudor colours (white and green), and surmounted by a fleur-de-lys (51). The trumpeters on board this ship have large banners attached to their instruments. Somewhat later, the arms of Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England, appear on his great seal upon a shield within a garter in the centre of his ship's mainsail. The ship also carries, besides her enormous streamers, two banners of St. George. This was the Lord Howard who commanded the English fleet which completed the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in 1588. At the same period the custom began to prevail of placing arms in a similar manner upon the flags that were hoisted in such liberal profusion on board ship. Two other pictures of great historical interest at Hampton Court exemplify the same practice in the following century. In one of these pictures Charles II. is represented embarking from Holland,



(51.)

in 1660, at the Restoration, and his ship carries a red flag with the royal arms upon a shield in its centre. The embarkation of William III., in 1688, is the subject of the companion-picture, in which the king appears in his barge, on his way to the ship, and the barge displays a red flag emblazoned with the royal arms of England on a shield, accompanied with supporters and other devices. The regular ships' ensigns, that were introduced towards the commencement of the seventeenth century, I leave for subsequent consideration.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

ST. AGNES.

Domenichino, Painter. S. Smith, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 7 ft. by 5 ft.

DOMENICO ZAMPIERI, or, as he is usually called, Domenichino, born at Bologna in 1681, was one of the most illustrious painters of the Bolognese school, and among the most distinguished scholars who went forth from the studio of the Caracci: his talents and success throughout his career were so remarkable, as to excite the constant jealousy and ill-will of many of his contemporaries. Soon after he had entered the Academy of the Caracci, he bore away the principal prize from all his competitors, among whom were Guido and Albano; with the latter Domenichino formed an intimate friendship, and, on leaving the school, they visited together Parma, Modena, and Reggio, to study the works of Parmigiano and Correggio. Albano then went to Rome, whither he was shortly followed by his friend. The Cardinal Agucchi was the first who so far appreciated the genius of Domenichino as to extend to him his patronage: he employed him to decorate his palace, and gave him a commission to paint three pictures for the Church of S. Onofria. Annibal Caracci was at this time in Rome, occupied with his great work in the Farnese Gallery; and he engaged Domenichino to execute a portion of it from his cartoons: in the *loggia* of the garden he painted from his own design "The Death of Adonis." On the recommendation of Caracci, whose failing health incapacitated him from undertaking any new commissions, Domenichino was employed, in conjunction with Guido, by the Cardinal Borghese, in the Church of S. Gregorio.

The next great Roman ecclesiastic who sought to avail himself of his talents was the Cardinal Albani, brandini, whose villa at Frascati he decorated with frescoes, ten in number, from the life of Apollo. Soon after his completion of these works he commenced his grand picture of "The Last Communion of St. Jerome," for the principal altar of the Church of S. Girolamo della Carità, at Rome: this work has universally been regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master, and second only to Raffaele's "Transfiguration" among the pictures of the world. When the French armies, during the wars of the Revolution, rifled Italy of her Art-treasures, this was one of the first works on which they laid violent hands; and, until the peace of 1815, it ornamented the gallery of the Louvre: it was then restored, with the other pictures and statues that had been carried off, and is now in the gallery of the Vatican, in the same apartment with the "Transfiguration," and four other pictures by Raffaele—a splendid exhibition in themselves.

The fame Domenichino acquired by this picture only redoubled the malevolence of his rivals, who at length succeeded in driving him out of Rome. He returned to Bologna, where he passed several years in the quiet exercise of his talents; but Pope Gregory XV., unwilling to lose his valuable services, prevailed upon him once more to visit Rome; and appointed him principal painter and architect to the pontifical palace. He died in 1661, after a life laboriously passed in the earnest and successful pursuit of an art which he loved and practised in all sincerity.

His "St. Agnes," one of the "heir-looms" of the British crown, was formerly an altar-piece, but from what church it was taken, and when it was brought to England, there seems to be no positive information: the picture, prior to its removal to its present locality, was at Kensington Palace. The youthful saint—who, according to tradition, suffered martyrdom at the age of thirteen, in the year 303—is standing in an attitude of deep devotion: an angel is flying towards her with a crown and palm-branch, while another is seated at her feet caressing a lamb, the symbol of St. Agnes, who is the peculiar patroness of innocence and purity of mind. The head—in its long hair confined by a rich tiara—is of exceeding beauty; the figure is designed with great elegance, and the entire composition is elevated in character, and is painted with great warmth and transparency of colour, and is regarded as one of the artist's best pictures.

It is in the collection at Windsor Castle.



DOMENICHINO. PINXT

S. SMITH. SCULPT

ST AGNES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.

17 OC 59

PUBLICATIONS
OF
THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY,
FOR PROMOTING THE KNOWLEDGE OF ART.

THIS society has now issued its tenth annual Report. It has struggled on through years of difficulty, and now at length finds pecuniary success and growing popularity crown its efforts. Ten years ago it was established, with the special purpose of promoting the knowledge of the higher branches of the arts; and it has, year by year, presented to its members engravings of some great Italian work, little known, and it has, to the general public, but claiming consideration by special rarity or beauty. It has thus sometimes thanklessly laboured to form a taste, and to create for itself an appreciating public, stemming the stream of unpopularity, in the steadfast persuasion that its mission was high, and its object praiseworthy. It thus, for some years, dared to threaten its very existence, by the publication of hard, wood engravings from the works of Giotto, valuable to the antiquary, and even to the professed connoisseur, but necessarily of little or no interest to that larger public, upon whose liberal support the success, and even the existence, of the society ultimately depended. After some years of hard fighting through all the difficulties incident to deliberate unpopularity, the society at last entered upon a new career, by which at once the public eye was to be allured by the beauty of colour, and the correct taste of the already educated few satisfied by essential excellence. It has thus, for the last two years, satisfied both zealous supporters and murmuring objectors, by the publication of carefully executed chromo-lithographs from some of the rarest, as well as of the most beautiful, of early Italian frescoes. Some two years since, Mr. Layard travelled through Umbria and the north of Italy, and, with Vasari in hand, hunted out all but forgotten works, and formed for the society entirely new plans for future operations. With trained skill, and with much actual physical exertion, he made traced outlines of many important frescoes, little known, or in course of actual decay. Mrs. Higford Burr, a skilled amateur, whose drawings and sketches have justly claimed warm admiration, has likewise executed reduced coloured studies of these same frescoes, giving their pictorial effect and architectural position. In addition, Signor Mariannucci has been employed professionally in the copying of frescoes by Pinturicchio at Spello, by Benozzo Gozzoli, at San Gimignano; and not less important pictures by Francesco Francia, in the desecrated chapel of St. Cecilia, at Bologna. The Arundel Society thus proposes to promote that knowledge of Art, for which it was originally established, by the publication of facsimile outlines traced by Mr. Layard from the original pictures. It furthermore attempts to bring these frescoes before the English public, in their actual, pictorial, and decorative effect, by chromo-lithographs, the careful reproductions of coloured drawings. The entire publications of this society are now before us, and we shall endeavour to bring to our readers' notice, in one collected review, a description and criticism of the works which have been thought best fitted to advance that knowledge of highest Art, for which this society claims a privileged existence.

Nine years ago a fortunate commencement was made, by the translation of Vasari's "Life of Fra Angelico," illustrated with outlines from the painter's works, executed by Mr. Scharf. The first, second, and third years of the society's existence were likewise in part devoted to the frescoes executed by this great spiritual artist in the chapel of the Vatican. We all know the history of this good man. Fra Angelico, gifted from his earliest youth with the genius of an artist, patronage and wealth within his reach, he yet determined, for the "peace of his mind, and in order to attend, above all things, to the saving of his soul, to enter the religious order of the Dominicans." History, and Poetry, and Art, are never weary of dwelling on a life so eminently pure and good; and for ourselves, we feel that we cannot know enough of the ways, and thoughts, and works of a man, who prayed, and wept, and painted, and again watched and fasted, and then again painted, as angels seemed to whisper, and visions came to tell. We never can look upon these beautiful and

spiritual works, either in the originals, or through the translation of engravings, without subtle questionings touching the doctrine of artistic inspiration. In turning over the present series, we find figures and faces so pure and angelic, so little tainted by the grosser materialism of earth, that, in the words of Vasari, they are like to no work of mortal hand, but as if painted in Paradise. We know, indeed, that Angelico himself regarded his art as the direct gift of heaven. We are told that it was his rule not to retouch or alter any of his works, but to leave them just as inspiration had first shaped them, believing that such was the will of God. We therefore, as we have said, ever look upon the beautiful forms traced by his pencil, as if they descended from the world of spirits, as if the souls of the good and pure wished for a season to take up an earthly tenure, and asked of the painter a corporeal body, in which henceforward they might dwell. The Arundel Society, in giving these works to a secular English public, might well think they were preaching a homily to holiness. All that revelation has told us of a peace which the world cannot give, of a beauty untainted by sin, of a faith so serene that a doubt cannot shadow, may here be traced in the lines of these carefully-executed engravings. The spiritual sensibility of the faces, no less than the frailty of the bodily lineaments, seem to take us to that land where no storms shake the tranquil sky, and no cares corrode the calm cheek of beauty. These engravings, in the present aspect of our own English school, teach an important lesson, and tell us what the much-abused term "Pre-Raphaelite" really implies. For one thing, they show us that ugliness was not, in those days, deemed the outward sign of holiness. Vasari expressly tells us that Angelico was one of those who held that the saints in heaven are as much more beautiful than mere mortal beings, as heaven itself is more beautiful than earth. Accordingly, throughout these works we find the innocence of childhood, the purity of woman, and the blessedness of the saints, ever clothed in the serenity of heavenly loveliness. It appears, indeed, to have been this artist's creed, or rather his unconscious intuition, that ugliness was but the taint of sin, that it entered creation as the work of Satan, and that thus religious art should restore to the outward form, even as the work of grace to the inward soul, the original, though lost perfection. So completely, indeed, had this one grand idea taken possession of this artist and his school, that it is notorious, that when he came to the passion and the conflict of earth, his hand was wanting in power, and his genius incapable of dramatic intensity. His, indeed, was the monastic art, walking in cloisters shadowy in the evening light, treading in paths softly strewn with gentle flowers, looking into sunset skies of rainbow glories—a world all shut out from the ruder nature where thunders reign, or that wider world where passions triumph. One of the chief advantages incident to a society like the Arundel, is that it carries its members back into a world and an age which is now no more. In the noise and the conflict of a city life, in the midst of an art and an epoch wholly material and mechanical, it is salutary and refreshing to be taken back to men and times with whom we have now little in common. These were men to whom the natural laws of science were unknown, and just in proportion as natural and material facts were beyond their reach, do we find them soaring into the supernatural, never doubting whether angels could by wings defy the Newton law of gravity. This series of engravings, sketchy and slight, are carefully executed, giving the special character of the original works. On comparison with certain outlines published in Italy, we can thank the Arundel Society for placing within our reach transcripts of far greater accuracy and value.

The master next selected for illustration was Giotto, and the scene of his chosen labours the Arena Chapel, in Padua. Giotto, we know, was one of the greatest of painters, and the Arena Chapel assuredly is one of the most important of his works. Giotto was born in the year 1276, and died 1336; the chapel was founded in 1303, and Giotto, as the master painter in Italy, was summoned, in the year 1306, to decorate its walls. This chapel, which, in the history of Art, may be ranked with the church at Assisi, is one of those interiors where architecture offers but a surface for pictorial decoration; where the

walls and compartments are as leaves of a great book, in the pages of which are emblazoned those signal events in the Christian religion, which brought salvation to the world. It has well been said of such pictorial narratives, that they were as an illuminated Bible, wherein the unlettered multitude might see what they had not the ability to read; that thus might be handed down, not by dim tradition only, but through visible demonstration, those great truths, which had been not only preached, but actually enacted in the sight of all the people. In the series published by the Arundel Society, illustrating the life of Christ, we find, among many other subjects—"The Baptism," "The Marriage in Cana," "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Entry into Jerusalem," and "The Last Supper." We are told with what ardour works such as these were uniformly greeted by the people. They seem to have taken the unlettered multitude by surprise, to have come like a revelation, an actual and vivid realization of things which the soul had long thirsted for. And now, when we ourselves look at these first early efforts, after the lapse of more than five hundred years, a no less surprise, not to say dismay, seizes on our minds—a surprise that works so rude could have held so strong a sway over the popular imagination. Bringing to the criticism of these early frescoes the superior acquirement of the present day, we look upon these works as the tentative efforts of childhood simply striving to do its best, with little knowledge, yet much zeal, with little power to execute, but yet the germs of great thought struggling for utterance. It was a bold venture when the Arundel Society determined to claim for this series of thirty woodcuts, with others yet unpublished, a favourable reception from subscribers not specially educated in such antiquarian lore. The mode of publication, too, hard, dry woodcuts, an unhappy rendering of soft delicate fresco execution, seemed specially selected to defy popularity, and to preclude any wide support. This enterprise, happily all but completed, and fortunately now no longer precluding more alluring undertakings, has been, we believe, the one grand mistake of this well-purposed society. Yet, at the same time, we are bound to admit that this series will be valued just in proportion as the members possess sufficient knowledge to assign to these works their due position in the rise and development of Italian Art. Vasari tells us that it was Giotto's special mission to appeal once more to a neglected nature, and to overturn the lifeless conventionalism which, under Byzantine sway, had for centuries paralyzed the arts. Cimabue had first shown the way; and when he took the child Giotto from the sheepfold, the mantle of the master's genius fell upon the chosen pupil. In looking through this series of engravings, the dry bones of a death-shrouded art already start into life and animated action. Draperies, no doubt, are still hard and rigid, yet life throbs beneath them; they respond to the movement of the figure, the symmetry of their fall is modulated by the articulation of the underlying members. The growing study of nature, too, is seen in the individual character of the heads. Age is marked by dignity, youth by beauty, goodness by sobriety and chastened simplicity. We already find the head of Christ noble in expression, and elevated in type; the features of Judas, on the other hand, are corrupt and all but deformed. Such a series of engravings, as we have said, may suggest to the student many interesting reflections. By analysis he may trace the various schools, and the individual agencies which have combined to produce this ultimate pictorial result. He will still discover the emaciated lineaments of that Byzantine art, which, by a tedious pedigree of descent, from the still elder but outworn classic, prolonged a painful and diseased existence, in which beauty was corroded into last decay, and strength took refuge in a stern paralysis. Even in the draperies, which we have seen occasion to commend, are the long drawn lines of Byzantine feebleness. Even in the faces, which have the dawn of a better life, are often found the lines of those careworn, anxious, and morose features seen in Byzantine mosaics, which haunt the beholder's mind as a hideous nightmare, and seem to tell of an eternity of suffering. Yet here and there we trace nature awakening into beauty, and smiling once again into blissful life. We thus see in Giotto the traditions of the past dying out before that new birth which nature was

about to give. Tradition had enthralled the arts; nature promised liberty; and then came a third agency—the individual genius of Giotto—moulding the dead past into the living present. These three forces we trace throughout these works, ever combining to a joint result. Sometimes history and tradition are paramount, threatening with reaction and retrogression; in other places nature asserts for a moment almost undisputed sway; and then again the voice of Giotto speaks, as if he alone had truths to tell. He was a simple, truth-loving man, who spoke out honestly all that he knew; who told us what was nearest to his heart in few, straightforward words. His utterance often faltered, as if his soul were overburdened, laden with sorrows or elated by joys, to which as yet he could give no adequate expression. In this early art do we thus especially love to mark the struggling of a great master-mind to free itself from all impediments, and break loose in untrammelled liberty, the equal companion of nature, and the humble servant of God. But Giotto lived, as we have seen, in times when genius itself could effect but little, and was often merged and all but lost in the oblivious century which had given it a cradle, and offered it a grave. Yet he has outlived Time, the devourer of reputations, simply because he allied himself to those eternal truths in nature which admit of no decay.

The unpopularity of this series of woodcuts was, finally, in some measure redeemed by an eminently attractive chromo-lithograph of this same Giotto Chapel, executed from one of Mrs. Higford Burr's admirable drawings. The wood engravings had given with accuracy the outline, light, shade, and composition of the original works; this chromo-lithograph brought together their scattered detail, telling the untravelled English public, almost for the first time, how frescoes were, by the middle-age Italians, made accessories to architectural design and decorative effect. In that southern sky and climate, gilded and dazzling with an ardent sun, religion was seldom robed in the neutral greys to which our northern eyes are habitually accustomed. In this very chapel we find the roof blue as the depth of Italian sky, gemmed with golden stars, from the midst of which saints and angels look down upon the worshippers below. On every side, in purest and brightest colour, are scenes taken from the life of Christ and the Madonna, kindling imagination, and warming to the ardour of worship. In those days the house of God was made as the portal to the courts of heaven, rich in radiant gems, and roofed by rainbows. Colour was the attribute of light, that light which came from heaven. Its harmonies, intensities, and loveliness, seemed symbolic of the inner harmonies of the spirit world, the music of the spheres, the cadence of thoughts, each taking a tone and a colouring consonant with the joy or the solemnity of worship. Such, no doubt, was the theory and the purport of these gorgeous middle-age interiors. They come upon our cold northern eye, accustomed to the chill of passionless whiteness, with the hectic flush of fever. Yet we have already made, and shall probably continue to make, in our own country like attempts. Of late years, our architects and decorators have been seized with the love of ornamental colour. In some of our cathedrals and chapter-houses experiments, which have been deemed bold and almost unwarrantable, have been tried. Secular halls, both in London and the provinces, have been adorned with the richness of gold and the full glitter of colour; and the public have been dazzled by the attempt, not to say dismayed. The whole question is still beset with unsolved difficulties. It is still subject of dispute whether a cold, foggy climate requires a cool consonant colouring, or whether, on the other hand, its very coldness does not the more demand the artificial aid of a coloured warmth. It is still an undetermined question how far architecture and sculpture, in the chasteness of their purity, should rely solely upon form; or, on the other hand, to what extent the desired Art-expression may be augmented by hues, and tones, and harmonies, taken from a sister art. Again, it may rightly be subject of debate whether we shall trust to the natural tints of well-selected stones or marbles; or, on the other hand, boldly call in the more artificial aid of the colourist's brush, and paint an outer surface which shall please as a picture and disguise as a tapestry. It is fitting, then, that the public should

be informed, as in this chromo-lithograph, what actually had been in olden times attempted, and what success rewarded the experiment. Accordingly, the Committee of Privy Council for the Department of Science and Art have made an annual grant of £100, in order that the Schools throughout the country may be furnished with these chromo-lithographs: a higher tribute could scarcely be paid to the value of these works as instruments of popular and national education. This first chromo-lithograph of Giotto's Chapel, though perhaps inevitably a little heavy and opaque, is certainly a triumph over no ordinary difficulties. When we consider that each separate colour is printed by a distinct stone, when we find that each wall of this resplendent interior is covered with pictures of crowded figures, we may estimate the difficulty of the task, and the skill by which these difficulties have in great measure been overcome.

The publications of the past year comprised, in addition to the chromo-tint of the Arena Chapel, a second chromo-lithograph taken from a fresco of Pietro Perugino, at Panicale, upon the Lake of Perugia. It is the intention of the Arundel Society thus to illustrate in colours the works of the leading artists in the Italian schools, to furnish the portfolios of its members with a historic series, in which may be traced the rise and development of Italian art from its earlier struggles to its full and final maturity. In the Arena Chapel of Giotto, and the works of Perugino, both illustrated by this society, we have two great landmarks in the history of Art. The pictures of Giotto lie at the first starting-point; the works of Perugino are close upon the goal. Giotto was the first promise; Perugino all but the final reward. No doubt Perugino himself, when compared with all the allurements and artifices of later times, appears still hard and undeveloped; yet we find in his comparatively mature works the accomplishment of prior historic promise. Human nature, both in its physical lineaments, and in its higher aspect of spiritual expression, is almost now for the first time fully understood. Drawing now attains to accuracy of hand and truth to nature; colour becomes lustrous and harmonious; and the finished picture is not only a work pleasant to the eye, but profitable to the soul. Art at that period had become truly a ministration to religion; saints were made but a little lower than the angels in beauty and holiness; heaven seemed to stoop to earth and sanctify the works of man. The picture by Perugino, selected for publication, is perhaps valuable rather as a discovery than for its pre-eminent merits among the works of the master. To Mr. Layard, who rescued the marbles of Nineveh, was reserved the further honour of bringing to light, or at least to notice, all but forgotten frescoes lying in forsaken towns of Italy. Among the number thus rescued from neglect, or saved from destruction, is this fresco by Perugino, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." "This noble work," says Mr. Layard, "although mentioned in most lives of the painter, is unnoticed by his first biographer, Vasari. It has consequently been overlooked, even by those who have made the history of the art of his period a study."—"On one of the wooded hills rising above the Lake of Perugia stands the small town of Panicale; its half-ruined walls and towers show that it was a fortified post of some importance during the middle ages. Away from the high road leading to the principal cities of central Italy, it is seldom visited by the traveller, who would scarcely find in it the miserable shelter of an Italian 'osteria'; yet, like almost every town and hamlet of this favoured land, it contains works of Art such as elsewhere would render a city favoured. Outside the walls, on an olive-clad eminence overlooking the town, is a convent of nuns; attached to it is a chapel dedicated to St. Sebastian. The wall behind its high altar is covered with a fresco representing the martyrdom of the saint; it is the work—and may be ranked among the finest—of a painter who, by his genius, and the influence he exercised upon his great contemporaries, forms an epoch in the history of Art."

The execution of the chromo-lithograph from this fresco by Perugino, we deem to be in great measure satisfactory; it was, indeed, stated at the annual meeting of the Arundel Society that this chromo-tint and the original drawing being placed side by side, persons well conversant with such

works could scarcely distinguish between the two. Without pledging ourselves to an assertion so startling, we willingly admit that such coloured reproductions of the great Italian frescoes are most valuable illustrations of an art little known in lands lying north of the Alpine barrier. It were, we think, wholly unreasonable to expect from these mechanical copies of spiritual works all the subtleties and delicacies which mark the originals. It is absolutely impossible that the precision and detail of drawing attained in figures of full life-size can be literally transcribed without error or perversion, first by the artist-copyist upon paper, and then by the lithographer apportioning the shades, the details, and the colours, upon separate and diverse stones. It certainly must be impracticable, by the mere mechanical art of printing, to render full justice to the intricate harmonies of colour, to the gem-like lustre and transparencies which only the artist's subtle eye and cunning hand can see and execute. It is fortunate that at least inevitable defects in drawing are corrected by the copied tracings made by Mr. Layard upon the heads of the original. For colour, composition, and general effect, this chromo-lithograph may, however, be taken as at least a close approximation to the original. We have no hesitation in saying that the Arundel Society has done the very best which the difficulties of the case would permit; we know from experience that absolute accuracy is a positive impossibility. From the examination of elaborate and costly line engravings with photographs or the original works themselves, we know too well how easily errors in drawing and light and shadow may creep in. Even Raphael Morghen's highly-valued engraving from the "Last Supper," will not stand the severity of this final test. Accuracy and error are then but comparative terms, and all that concerns us in the present case is to know that every practicable means has been taken to secure success. Upon this point we ourselves have little doubt; we know that the Arundel Society has spared no pains to give to its members trustworthy versions of the great works selected for illustration. Mr. Layard, we have seen, has, in generous ardour, made accurate tracings of the most important heads or figures; Mrs. Higford Burr, with a zeal not less devoted, has executed, with the labour of days and weeks, careful studies of the colour. When even all this was found insufficient, professional aid was called in, and paid artists employed to make the best copies which skill could execute. Even then some drawings have been rejected as unworthy of the sanction of the society. Photographs, likewise, have been brought in as additional testimony either to support or confute evidence less reliable. We know, indeed, that accuracy is the special aim of the governing council, and we feel persuaded that they will avail themselves of all possible appliances, all improvements in mechanical execution, or advantages of skilled labour, in order to make their works not only attractive to the eye, but instructive by intrinsic merit.

In accordance with the purposes already stated, the Arundel Society has just issued two further chromo-tints, which are, we think, an advance on previous publications: the one, "Christ among the Doctors," from a fresco, by Pinturicchio, in the cathedral at Spello; the other, taken from a fresco of "The Madonna and Saints," painted by Ottaviano Nelli. Pinturicchio, the contemporary and fellow-labourer of Perugino and Raphael, may yet, in manner and expression, be classed among Pre-Raphaelite painters. There is still somewhat of the quaint austerity, bordering upon the unconscious grotesque; that hardness of line, stiffness of attitude, which, in the earlier painters, though doubtless to be ranked as defects, are but too often admired as actual merits. The real value of these masters, yet undeveloped in all the material elements of Art, is to be found in their deep spiritual expression. The bodily framework of the figures is often to the last degree feeble, impotent for action, and incapable of life's healthful function; but just in proportion as the body is thus in subjection does the spirit, in emancipated freedom, seem to soar in high aspirations, or lose itself in blissful reverie, too intense for the utterance of words. Pinturicchio belonged to this favoured period, and this fresco of "Christ among the Doctors" we have regarded

among his best and purest works. It is an example of what may be emphatically termed "Christian art." We do not, as yet, trace either the advantages or the disadvantage of classic studies: neither that perfect physique which constituted, as it were, the godhead of Grecian art; nor, on the other hand, that false display of limb and muscle, which ere long perverted saints into pagan athletes, and, to use a recently-adopted phrase, made the religious arts but illustrations of a "muscular Christianity." In the more spiritual period to which Pinturicchio belonged, the hands and the heads were the chosen agents of expression. In this very chromo-lithograph we find the wooden, motionless limbs designedly hidden beneath the concealing folds of dense draperies; while, in contrast, the heads are highly wrought, with earnest expression, and the hands move as the index to the workings of the mind. Pinturicchio, it is said, was scarcely faithful to his high mission, or true to the genius with which he was intrusted. He painted, we are told, with a fatal rapidity, incompatible with conscientious care. Even in this very work, which is assuredly among his best, religious sentiment is handed down somewhat as a dry routine, an established conventionalism, mechanically executed by the hand, rather than coming direct and warm from the heart. But even with these admitted shortcomings, this work is a choice specimen of one of the chiefest of masters, living in the very best of times, falling under the very highest of influences; a good example of the more advanced Pre-Raphaelite period, with all its acknowledged merits and incidental defects.

The most successful work yet published by the Arundel Society is the chromo-lithograph from a fresco, by Nelli, executed under the direction of Mr. Louis Gruner, from a drawing made by Mrs. Higford Burr. It is a gem of purest, brightest colour; it is as an illuminated missal of golden glories, purple robes, winged angels playing upon lutes at the Madonna's knee, or in choral company floating in the blue of heaven. There is, in this exquisite work, little of the crudity and opacity generally found in chromo-lithographs; the transitions of the tone are delicate and subtle, the colours lustrous and transparent.

This society has laid down for itself an ambitious programme for future operations, and now appeals to the public for commensurate support. At the last annual meeting, Mr. Layard, who occupied the chair, drew a tempting picture of the works which, in future years, the council hoped to present to the subscribers. Much yet, doubtless, remains to be done for the full illustration of those great works and masters, which constitute the glory of Italian art. There are, for example, important frescoes by Francesco Francia and Lorenzo Costa, at Bologna, fast hastening to decay. The frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli, thronged with angels of matchless beauty, in the Riccardi Chapel, at Florence; the Life of St. Augustine, by the same painter, at San Gimignano, are but little known to the English public. The works of Simone Memmi, Taddeo Bartolo, and others of the early and spiritual Sienese school, have likewise rare historic claims upon a society which seeks to rescue simple merit from oblivion. And lastly, the famous frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel, in Florence, by Masolino, Masaccio, and Lippi, works to which even Raphael and Michael Angelo were greatly indebted, have never yet been adequately reproduced. It is the purpose of the Arundel Society to bring these, and other scarcely less important works, to the knowledge of the British public. We know of no surer means of educating the English taste up to the standard of noblest Italian art. In a day when the most vital questions concerning the Arts are still in doubtful agitation; when Gothic finds itself opposed to Classic, Christian to Pagan; when the term "Pre-Raphaelite" is used as a watchword; when naturalism and spiritualism, and other pretentious phrases, are handed about without definite meaning, it certainly has become important that the public should see, and judge for themselves, the works about which these controversies have arisen. We can only hope—as, indeed, we believe—that the Arundel Society is now in a fair way to accomplish the purpose for which it was established—the elevation of the public taste, and the advancement of our native schools of sculpture, and of painting.

J. BEAVENTON ATKINSON.

PICTURE SALE.

THE NORTHWICK COLLECTION.

WE resume our notice of the sale of the Northwick Gallery at the point where we were compelled to break off in our last Number, by the necessity of getting our sheets to press.

On the 22nd of August the seventeenth day's sale commenced; it comprised,—‘The Girl with the Horn-book,’ Schidone, formerly in the Palace of Capo di Monti, Naples, and purchased for a comparatively trifling sum by its late owner, when in Italy many years ago, 405 gs. (Scott); ‘Lovers Quarrels,’ Sebastian del Piombo, the figures said to be portraits of Raffaele and La Fornarina, 150 gs. (Agnew); ‘Lot and his Daughters,’ a large gallery picture, formerly in the Orleans gallery, Velasquez, 140 gs. (Eckford); ‘The Woman taken in Adultery,’ Giorgione, 300 gs. (Rhodes); ‘A Lion Hunt,’ Rubens, the picture engraved by Soutman, who studied painting under Rubens, and also engraved many of his pictures, 150 gs. (Eckford); ‘The Alchemist,’ D. Teniers, and one of his finest works, 675 gs. (Agnew); ‘Samson and the Honeycomb,’ Guercino, from the Colonna Palace, Rome, 390 gs. (Eckford); ‘Christ and the Woman of Samaria,’ also by Guercino, the companion picture of the other, formerly in the Balbi Palace, and afterwards in the collection of Sir Simon Clarke, from which it passed, at the price of 315 gs., into the hands of Lord Northwick, 505 gs. (Agnew); ‘Cleopatra,’ L. Caracci, 150 gs. (Whitcombe); ‘A Musical Party,’ a very fine picture of the Venetian school, generally considered to be the work of Giorgione, whose name was appended to it in the catalogue, but attributed by Dr. Waagen to Palma Vecchio, 750 gs. (Farrer); ‘St. John writing the Apocalypse,’ formerly in the collection of Lucien Buonaparte, and since in that of Sir Simon Clarke, Carlo Dolce: this very beautiful picture, which may be classed among the finest works of the master, if not his *chef-d'œuvre*, was first put up at 300 gs.; after a most animated bidding it was knocked down to Mr. Scott for the sum of 2010 gs.; ‘The Martyrdom of Stephen,’ Garofalo, from the Balbi Palace, an exceedingly fine picture, 1530 gs. (Eckford); ‘The Virgin with the sleeping Infant,’ Guido, 110 gs. (Eckford); ‘The Virgin and Infant Jesus,’ Lorenzo de Credi, a small, but exquisitely painted work, 300 gs. (Farrer); ‘Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter,’ in the presence of four other disciples, 460 gs. (Rhodes): this is a fine picture, it was painted for the chapel of the tomb of John Breughel and his family in the Church of Notre Dame de la Chapelle, Brussels, whence it was sold to M. Braamcam, in 1765, to aid in defraying the expenses of repairing the church; afterwards it became the property of M. Van Lankeren, of Antwerp, and at the sale of his collection, in 1833, it came into the hands of Lord Northwick; the last picture we have to notice in this day's sale is, ‘Charity,’ by Andrea del Sarto, from the collection of Joseph Buonaparte, 210 gs. (Mr. Drax, M.P.). The amount realized this day was 10,575*l*.

Though the catalogue of the last day's sale included 131 lots, principally of pictures that were hung in the apartments of Northwick Park, and in which were included a few by English artists, there is only one we think it necessary to specify, ‘The Virgin and Infant,’ by Murillo, which was knocked down for 200 gs.; few of the others went beyond 50 gs.; the average of the whole being under 30*l*. We ought, however, to observe that among the “lots” were some picture-cases, cases, &c. The day's sale amounted to 3778*l*.

It was, we believe, estimated by those competent to form an opinion upon the subject, that the Northwick collection of pictures and works of Art, as announced for sale, would realize about 100,000*l*; this sum has scarcely been reached: we have had no opportunity of ascertaining the exact amount it has produced, but have heard it stated at somewhere about 95,000*l*. What they cost their late owner no one would presume to say, but there is little doubt that if a balance of outlay and proceeds were struck, the difference on either side would not be very great; for if Lord Northwick paid large sums for many of his old masters, a very considerable number of the modern works realized much more than he gave for them.

That so fine a private gallery of pictures, collected

with no little judgment—although containing many inferior, and some doubtful, works—and at so heavy an expenditure, should now be scattered abroad, must be matter of sincere regret to all lovers of the Fine Arts, for there are few indeed possessing pictures who are so liberal in exhibiting them as was the late Lord Northwick. His gallery was his pride, but while revelling in the enjoyment of it himself, he was equally desirous that others might partake of his pleasures: it was open to all, at all seasonable times, and many has been the pilgrimage to Thirlestane House from all parts of the country, to examine its pictorial treasures. The town of Cheltenham, by its dispersion, loses its greatest attraction, and the inhabitants their purest source of enjoyment—at least, those of them who can appreciate such an intellectual feast. The name of Lord Northwick must always be remembered with gratitude and respect by every one who feels interested in the works of the painter; and by none more so than by those who have chanced to inspect the gallery when his lordship was staying at his mansion, for it was no uncommon thing for him to enter into conversation with the visitor on the subject of the pictures.

We believe we are right in stating, that if the heirs to the Northwick property had been free to follow their own inclinations, the gallery would have remained intact, or nearly so: but in consequence of his lordship dying intestate, no other alternative was left than a public sale. Perhaps, however, Thirlestane House may yet boast of a picture-gallery, if the report be true that many of the pictures recently sold were purchased on behalf of the present owner of the mansion, who has also succeeded to the title.*

Although in our notice of this sale we have appended the names of those to whom the pictures were assigned by the auctioneer, it must not be supposed that these individuals, the majority of whom are dealers, purchased entirely on their own account; they acted, principally, as agents, and we understand the collections of the following noblemen and gentlemen will be enriched by the dispersion of the Northwick pictures:—the Duc d'Aumale, the Dukes of Buccleuch, Cleveland, Hamilton, Newcastle, and Wellington; the Marquises of Hertford and of Landsdowne; the Earl of Ellenborough; Lords De Lisle, De Saumarez, and Lindsay; the Baron de Rothschild; Sir T. Phillips, Messrs. Baring, H. Butler, J. E. Denison, Drax, Hardy, Hargreaves, Holford, Labouchere, B. Owen, and Scott. Mr. Drax is stated to have been the most extensive purchaser, having secured nearly 100 pictures, among them Claude's ‘Apollo and the Cumean Sibyl,’ the ‘Ascension of the Virgin,’ by Sacchi, and the ‘Nativity,’ by Pinturicchio. The Marquis of Hertford has a ‘Group of Family Portraits,’ by Gonzales Coques; ‘St. Catherine,’ by Conegliano; and ‘Cupid wounded by his own Arrows,’ by Giorgione. The Marquis of Landsdowne bought the ‘Musical Party,’ by Giorgione, and Parmegiano's ‘Portrait of B. Castiglione.’ Mr. Hargreaves added to his collection ‘The Virgin gazing on the Infant Christ,’ by Iaini; Schidone's ‘Girl with the Horn-book,’ and Lingebach's ‘Departure for the Chase.’ The two fine paintings by R. Wilson, of ‘The Lake of Nemi,’ and ‘The Campagna di Roma,’ were bought by a gentleman of Cheltenham, Mr. G. M. Daubeney. While the following works were purchased for the National Gallery:—‘The Virgin throned and holding the Infant Christ,’ by G. de Treviso; ‘Birth of Jupiter,’ by Giulio Romano; ‘Glorification of the Virgin,’ by Moretto; ‘Portrait of a Gentleman,’ by Terburg; and Masaccio's ‘Portrait of Himself.’

* Since the above was written, we learn from the *Cheltenham Examiner* that the present Lord Northwick has purchased about sixty pictures: among these are included Macleise's ‘Robin Hood and his Foresters,’ ‘The Stoning of St. Stephen,’ by Garofalo; Frost's ‘Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Acton,’ Cuypp's full-length painting of ‘Count Egmont,’ Danby's ‘Wood Nymph chanting her Hymn to the Rising Sun,’ Rodgrave's ‘Flight into Egypt,’ Van Schendel's admired ‘Market Scene—Selling Poultry by Candle-light,’ De Louthembourg's ‘Avalanche,’ Guercino's ‘Samson and the Honeycomb,’ Bellini's likeness of ‘Mahomet II.,’ Rubens's ‘Lion Hunt,’ Vander Capella's ‘Marine View—a Calm,’ the ‘Landscape with three horses,’ by A. Cuypp; ‘A Scene in Canterbury Meadows,’ by T. B. Cooper; G. Dow's ‘Portrait of Dr. Harvey,’ Velasquez's ‘Lot and his Daughters,’ and a number of others, including examples of Titian, Guido, Giorgione, Mabuse, Giotto, Vandyck, Fiesoli, Albano, and some of the most famous of the ancient and modern masters.

CHARITY.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY SIR R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.

To understand rightly the creations of Art, it must be studied under its two great phases or epochs—the Pagan and the Christian. To the Greek, Art, whether painting or sculpture, was the personification of the Beautiful: his creative imagination, haunted by the impression of the scenes around, became inspired by the beauty it surveyed, and, thirsting for the knowledge of Deity as cause, sought to represent his darkened creed of spiritual existence by every graceful symbol and elevated attribute such an innate desire could assume. The Deity to him filled space; his faith was the pantheism of physical beauty. Yet still, amid this imperfect civilization,—which arose from a natural perception of the beautiful, and a natural appreciation of what is right, rather than from enlarged moral instruction,—the arts of Greece became the vehicles of social progress, and their rise and decay, were dependant upon the state of public morality. Pliny mourns over the decadence of Art, when the philosophical and religious creeds of the Greek descended to a low standard, and superstition and slavery usurped the places of, what to him was, a pure faith, and of freedom.

Christian Art derived its impulses from the opposite principle: its mission was to inculcate moral duties and religious faith: physical beauty had little or no share in the creed—and, therefore, little or none in the practice—of the earliest Christian artists. Their chief aim was the intelligible expression of the subject; technical skill, drawing, and colour, however desirable to constitute a good picture, were not the requisites sought after: and it is worthy of observation, that as the Church declined from its purity, so Art arose in beauty and grandeur. The same spirit did not, unfortunately, animate all alike; but where we recognise a sympathy of feeling, in the Art of the two periods, it was developed in the one case through the medium of a thin, uncultured, and comparatively barren knowledge of its capabilities; and in the other, through that which was rich, fruitful, and luxurious: the respective harvests showed the difference between the growth in an unkindly, uncultivated soil, and a soil which had been carefully tended and dressed. The greatest triumphs in Art were achieved when Christianity had sunk down almost to its lowest state of thralldom and superstition.

Sculpture was not in so great a degree as painting subjected to the same external influences; moreover, it scarcely admits of similar characteristic changes, having reference to the two epochs of Christian Art: it is only when viewed in comparison with Pagan Art, that we recognise a difference. It would indeed be matter of surprise that a creed of truth and purity, of holiness and love, should have produced so few works which, as examples of Art only, can be put in competition with the productions of paganism, did we not remember that the one is symbolical of material beauty, the other of spiritual; that the heathen sculptor limited his ideas of excellence, at all times, to form and action: the Christian sculptor, when engaged on a work, not, as it were, of pagan origin, as a Venus, a Cupid, a Juno, or a Mars, seeks to incorporate the highest moral beauties, or the truths of his creed, with those of our material nature; and the greater his success in the realization of the former, the more worthy is his work of our admiration: one can overlook a defect or two, if not very glaring and wrong, in his modelling, when the sentiment he has embodied is good and ennobling.

Our modern school of sculpture supplies us with many such examples as those just alluded to: the bas-relief of "Charity," by the late Sir Richard Westmacott, is one. A Greek sculptor would never have selected such a subject; his ideas of Art would not have entertained it: we do not go so far as to say that charity had no existence in the heathen mind, but it was not a virtue to be symbolised in marble or stone. Westmacott's allegorical group is a work of great merit, both in composition and character; all the heads are beautifully modelled, and the expression of the subject is well-maintained throughout. It was executed when the sculptor was in the zenith of his fame.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The committee of the Wallace Monument met on the 1st of last month, at the Royal Gallery, St. Vincent Street, to make their report on the designs sent in, eighty in all, for the object in question. The first premium, of fifty guineas, was awarded to the design of Mr. J. T. Rothead, an architect of Glasgow; the second to Messrs. Peddie and Kinnear, architects of Edinburgh; and the third to Messrs. Haig and Low, of Glasgow. The design that gained the first prize is a mediæval Scottish tower, 220 feet in height, with an interior staircase leading to the summit.

DUBLIN.—We hear that the members of the Royal Hibernian Academy opened the rooms of their recent exhibition at the charge of one penny for admittance! Whether or no the project was profitable to the society, as a pecuniary speculation, we do not know, though it is stated to have been so; but certainly it must have proved profitable to the inhabitants of Dublin, very large numbers of whom are said to have availed themselves of this cheap introduction.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Society of Artists of this town opened their annual exhibition last month. The number of works hung on the walls is nearly six hundred: many of these, by our principal artists, are old familiar faces, having been lent for the purpose of exhibition by their respective owners. Leslie's "Columbus and the Egg," recently purchased at the Northwick sale; Collins's "Sunday Morning;" Phillip's "Spanish Contrabandistas" (this last the property of the Prince Consort), are there; also Roberts's "Basilica of San Lorenzo, Rome," Le Jeune's "Parable of the Lilies," Horsley's "Sempiternus," F. Goodall's "Scene in Brittany," and "The Happy Days of Charles I.," Stanfield's "Port na Spania—Giant's Causeway," F. Danby's "Game of Anchines," Creswick's "Mountain Torrent," a very charming group, by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., exhibited for the first time, it is called "The Bridal of Andilla;" Frith's "Wayfarer," F. Dillor's "Temple of Philæ," Stanfield's "Destruction of the Spanish Armada," Lauder's "Christ Betrayed," H. Johnson's "Hierapolis." Among other contributions we may point out three fine landscapes J. B. Pyne; "Turkish Ladies at Scutari," by Armitage; "Spring-Time in the Woods," by V. Cole; some good pictures by J. J. Hill, G. W. Horlor; W. and F. Underhill; "Gallantry," by J. A. Houston. Of the local painters, Messrs. Henshaw, J. P. Pettitt, C. T. Burt, W. Hall, C. W. Radclyffe, Lines, Sen. and Jun., H. Harris, Wirell, and others merit notice; and Mr. A. E. Everitt's water-colour drawings must not be lost sight of. The exhibition is quite up to its usual standard of excellence.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The fifth annual meeting of those interested in the Wolverhampton School of Practical Art, was held at the rooms of the institution on the 29th of August; the Earl of Dartmouth, the president of the school, occupied the chair. His lordship, in addressing the company assembled, took occasion to congratulate the students on their productions both in modelling and drawing; of these works there was a considerable display in the room. The funds of the school, though less than the expenditure, were administered, in the opinion of the noble chairman, in such a way as ought to satisfy the subscribers and supporters; and, looking at the care Mr. Muckley, the head-master, bestowed on the pupils, it would be the fault of the town and the students if the institution did not flourish in the manner it deserved. The treasurer's account showed that the receipts of the year amounted to 382l. 16s. 9d., including 166l. 2s. from annual subscriptions, and donations, 153l. 10s. 9d.; but the expenses reached 509l. 2s. 2d., or 117l. 6s. 1d. beyond the income; of this deficiency a sum of 56l. 4s. 2d. was brought forward from the preceding year; so that it seems the debt is increasing, instead of diminishing, as it ought to do. It is accounted for chiefly by an addition to the salary of the head-master, and by the temporary appointment of a second master, which the increased number of pupils has rendered necessary. The second master is Mr. E. R. Taylor, formerly a pupil of Mr. Muckley, to whom the parent institution, in London, has awarded an annual premium of 20l., in consideration of his high certificates of ability. The number of students in the various classes is now one hundred and five. Before the meeting separated numerous prizes were presented to the successful competitors.

LIVERPOOL.—The council of the Liverpool Academy has awarded the first prize, 50l., to Mr. Dyce, R.A., for his picture, "The Good Shepherd," hung in the Royal Academy this year.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. Lough's design for the Stephenson statue, described in our last Number, has been exhibited here, the place where the work is to be erected. Mr. Robert Stephenson, M.P., son of Mr. Lough's pedestal, one having the character of a terrestrial globe, as expressing the universal adoption of the railway system, and a model of the plan is placed in the room: but there is great doubt of its being employed. Some of the old painters made Christ and saints thus standing on, or rising from, a globe, but the idea is not at all applicable to sculpture.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1861 OR 1862.

THE Exhibition of Art and Art-Industry, whether in 1861 or in 1862, will no doubt take place. Another lesson as to the "stupidity" of war has been taught. It is probable that the several sovereigns of Europe will see the wisdom of manifesting their belief in the continuance of tranquillity, by encouraging a movement that can be made only when peace is sure. A refusal to co-operate once again for the high and holy purpose of bringing all people of all countries into communion, might be held to negative those professions of desire to avoid strife, with which every government of Europe joins "the Conference." We therefore entertain a reasonable conviction that the project will be carried out—especially as ample funds are guaranteed; and it is understood that, indirectly, if not directly, it will receive the sanction of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales—of "full age" in 1862—will be placed at the head of it. Preparations should consequently be made in time. It is the imperative duty of all who are interested in the issue to "look forward." The year 1862 seems a long way off from the year 1859, but time travels rapidly. In 1851 there were many exhibitors who would have given much to have had three years instead of three months to make ready for the contest, finding, when it was too late, what they had lost by procrastination. We do not mean that manufacturers should now set themselves to the work in earnest, but that such important commissions as may be entrusted to them shall be executed with a view to exhibition when the time arrives; nay, further than this, that wealthy patrons of Art and Art-Industry should, with as little delay as possible, commission productions with the express object in view of aiding to sustain national glory by direct evidence of supremacy.

We are fully aware the movement is not popular among the manufacturers generally: they shrink from a contest that involves certain cost, risk, and labour, with results doubtful and hazardous. There are many reasons why they naturally hesitate to embark in this scheme. Better not do it at all than do it with "half a heart;" but when the time arrives, they will find it worse than perilous to keep aloof. They must bear their parts, each and all, in the Trial to which all will be subjected; and he is wise who determines at once to take such steps in advance as may insure triumph.

It is announced as an essential part of the project that Art in its higher branches is to receive due honour. Artists are therefore invited to prepare for the competition: we trust they will do this effectually, even if it be at the cost of the annual exhibitions that will take place between the years 1859 and 1862.

No doubt proper steps will be taken to obtain valuable aid from the several nations of the Continent, from America, and from our Colonies. It is not now, as it was in 1851, an experiment. To many countries—our colonial possessions especially—the beneficial results of the great gathering in 1851 have been immense: not only in teachings, but in actual gain,—not alone as concerned their future, but the advantages suddenly and at once secured. Contributors will have learned still better how to turn opportunities to profitable account; and in 1862 there may be a harvest immeasurably more productive than that of 1851.

We shall continue from time to time to press this matter—of very vital importance—upon the attentive consideration of all who may be within reach of our influence.



CHARITY.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER, FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY SIR R. WESTMACOTT R. A.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE

17 00 59

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART X.—TENBY, &c.

T is a long walk, but an easy drive, to the very beautiful ruin of CAREW CASTLE, distant six miles from Tenby, and four and a half from Pembroke, and lying directly in the road—the “easiest,” but not the most picturesque—from one town to the other. We must compress into a page the matter we might extend into a volume, for every portion of the old castle will bear detailed description; while its history is so closely interwoven with that of the district, and its most memorable rulers, that to relate even the leading incidents associated with it, is a task beyond our reach.

An intelligent guide will conduct the reader through the ruins,—the older parts, those of middle age, and those of comparative youth, that date no farther back than the reign of “good Queen Bess.” He will pace slowly, and we hope reverently, over the sward that carpets the fine banqueting-hall. He will be shown the breaches made by Cromwell’s cannon, and those that have been produced by the less fierce though more irresistible destroyer—Time; and he will occupy a morning of intense enjoyment, though of melancholy thought, in rambling up and down the broken stair-steps, into chambers rude from the first, and those once richly decorated; into the venerable chapel, and the deep, dark dungeons; to peep through lancet holes, and sit beside oriel windows; to



THE CROSS AT CAREW.

grass-covered courtyards and ivy-clad towers; and he will receive a lesson as to the stupendous strength and surpassing grandeur of the olden time, such as no printed book can give him.

But before he passes under its still substantial gateway the Tourist will be called upon to examine an ancient cross, “fashioned out of a single stone,” close to the entrance. It is of a remote period, but not, perhaps, older than the ninth or tenth century. It contains an inscription, but no scholar has yet been able to read it. The interlaced pattern is precisely similar in character to those of which so many examples exist in Ireland, and of which there are the remains of several others in this county. The neighbouring church, also, will amply repay a visit; it contains sepulchral effigies of several of the castle’s lords.

The district was originally one of the demesnes belonging to the princes of South Wales, and was given as a dowry with Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdwr, to Gerald de Windsor, who was appointed “lieutenant of these parts of Henry I.” By one of his descendants it was mortgaged to Sir Rhys ap Thomas; and here the gallant Welshman received and lodged the Earl of Richmond, on his way from Milford to Bosworth Field, placing, to commemorate the event, the royal arms over a chimney-piece in one of the apartments, probably the

chamber in which “the hope of England” slept. The piece of carving is there still, in good preservation. Here, too, some years afterwards, when the sovereign remembered his debt to the chieftain, and accorded to him the distinction of the Garter, was held “a tilt and tournament” for the honour of St. George, “the first show of the kind that had ever been exhibited in Wales.” A full account of this “princely fête” has been preserved, setting forth how “manly valourous gentlemen” then made trial of “their abilities in feats of arms,” “the men of prime ranke being lodged within the castle, others of good qualitie in tentes and pavilions pitched in the parke,” the “festivall and time of jollitie” continuing during the space of five days, commencing on the eve of the day dedicated to the “trustie patrone and protector of marshalistes.” The first day was spent in “taking a view of all the companie, choosing out



CAREW CASTLE: THE COURTYARD.

five hundred of the tallest and ablest;” the second in “exercising them in all pointes, as if they had beene suddenlie to goe on some notable peece of service;” the third in visiting the bishop at Lamphey, in regaling at his charges, and “in commemorating the vertues and famous achievements of those gentlemen’s ancestors there present;” the fourth was the day of tournament, Sir William Herbert being the challenger, Sir Rhys “playing the judge’s part;” the fifth being devoted to hunting and feasting, the bishop bestowing a sermon upon them, “tending to all loyal admonitions, obedience to superiors, love and charitie one towards another.”

What a brilliant romance it is, that record of high festival held within these now broken walls, “ever and anon seasoned with a diversitie of musike;” the “justes and tournamentes



CAREW CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

for the honoure of ladies;” the “knoakes valorouslie received and manfullie bestowed;” wrestling, hurling of the bar, taking of the pike, running at the quinteine; while—a thing especially note-worthy—“among a thousand people there was not one quarrell, crosse worde, or unkinde looke that happened between them.”

Ay, imagination may people these ruins with “faire ladies” and “gallant knyghts;” may restore its tapestried halls and gorgeously furnished chambers; may hear the harper and the troubadour, recalling its reign of chivalry,—its “festivals” and its “tournamentes,”—while the wind whistles through its long corridors or moans among broken rooms of state, and from ivy-mantled towers

“The moping owl doth to the moon complain.”

By far the most delightful trip from Tenby (but it will occupy a long day, for the distance is nineteen miles) is that which embraces St. Govan's, the Huntsman's Leap, and the far-famed "Stacks," including also the mansion of Stackpole Court. The scenery is wild, and, if not sublime, astonishingly grand; while the district itself is the home-ground of many of those fanciful legends and quaint superstitions that still influence the peasantry of South Pembrokeshire. There are two roads—one, through Penally and Lydstep, follows the undulating line of coast; the other, longer, but more agreeable, is over the Ridgeway, and through Pembroke. In both cases, the tourist passes STACKPOLE COURT. Those who take the former road will obtain a fine view of the house and the surrounding hills, just before crossing the bridge over the estuary at the head of which the mansion is built. It occupies the site of the baronial residence of the old Crusader, Elidur de Stackpole. The place has undergone many changes. It was garrisoned and "held out stoutly," in the civil wars, "for the king and the public honour," and is at present the residence of the noble Thane of Cawdor.* His lordship possesses many valuable works of Art, and many interesting relics of antiquity, amongst which is a HIRLAS HORN, which we have engraved; it is said to be the actual horn presented by the Earl of Richmond to Dafydd-ap-Jevan, in whose castle, at Llwyn Dafydd, Cardiganshire, the illustrious prince was entertained on his way to Bosworth Field. Passing through remote Bosheston, with its recently restored church, the carriage road soon terminates, and we draw up on the heath upon the lofty promontory of St. Govan, which juts out to the south, and forms the termination of the county. Before us is an immense and glorious picture, in which the majesty of ocean scenery reaches its perfection. The elevation on which we stand, the open sea before us, the perfume of the wild flowers, the sea-birds



HIRLAS HORN.

shrilling overhead, and the ever-during beat of the waves—to-day calm and limpid—at our feet, combine to produce a scene of inexpressible interest, grandeur, and beauty. Close by, perched across a fissure in the side of the cliffs, and unseen from above, is the far-famed CHAPEL OF ST. GOVAN.† A long flight of steps, well worn, and, as yet,

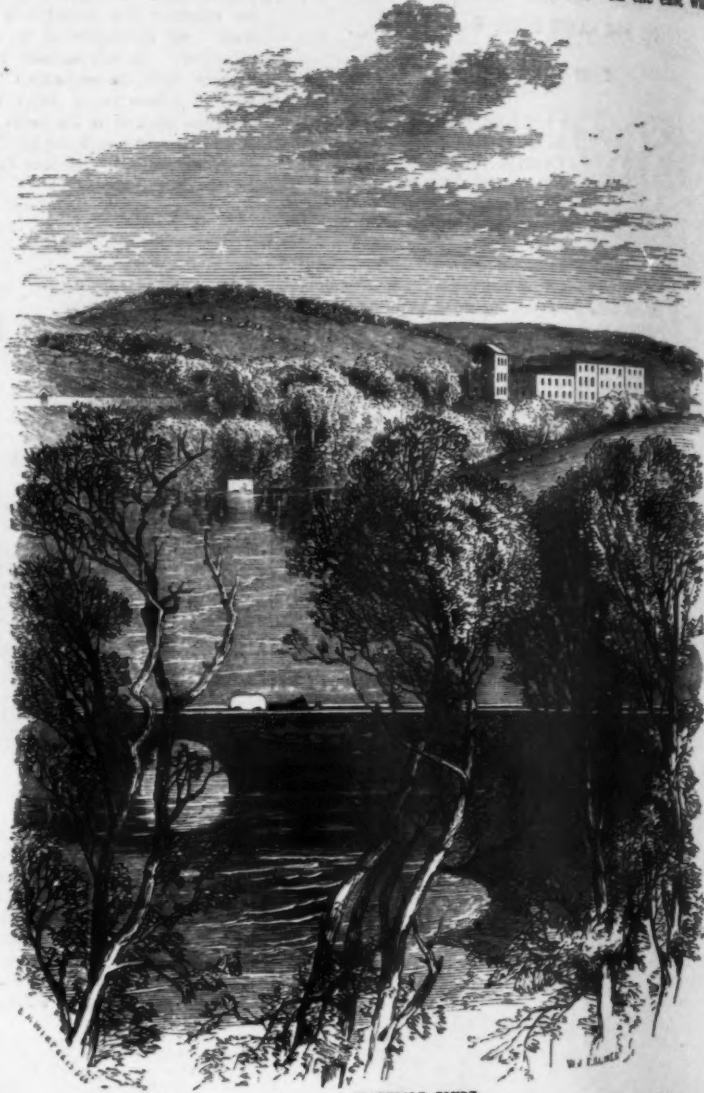
"Counted by none both ways alike,"

conducts to it.‡ It is a small rude building, with an arched

* The mansion was built by the great grandfather of the present Lord Cawdor; he was son of Sir Alexander Campbell, of Cawdor Castle, in Scotland, "the first of the name who settled here, by marrying Miss Lort, the sole heiress of this great property." The demesne is surpassingly beautiful; "not far from the sea, though no sign of its proximity was apparent, nor should we have suspected it as we rode alternately through noble woods, pleasant lanes, with expanding prospects on either side, and verdant vales at intervals." —Gosse. "The present edifice of wrought limestone, rises beautifully at the foot of a sloping hill, in the sight of a spacious lake, the favourite resort of almost every species of wild fowl, and looks over a wide-extended park, along which herds of deer scamper in all the gladness of their nature. Skirting hills and rich plantations belt the domain on various sides, and beyond is the bright and boundless ocean." —Roscoe. The tomb of a crusader—supposed to be that of Elidur de Stackpole—is in the Church of Cheriton, "sometimes called Stackpole Eldur." The church, with several others in the vicinity, has been recently restored at the cost of the Earl of Cawdor, and is now a charming example of ecclesiastical art. † The valiant knight—the Sir Gawain, of good King Arthur's round table—has been transformed, by popular error, into a saint. The superstitious stories to which this singular position of a consecrated building has given rise are without end." —MALKIN. Malkin here, as well as in many other of his assumptions, is not to be relied on; the name, no doubt, is a corruption of St. Giovanni, to whom the chapel was dedicated.

‡ There is a popular belief that these steps, like the stones comprising the circle of Stonehenge, cannot be numbered; but in my descent I made them fifty-two—a tale agreeing with that of Ray,

roof, and has on either side a stone bench cushioned with withered soda. In the east wall a



STACKPOLE COURT.

doorway admits into a cleft of the rock in which is a marvellous crevice, "that enables the largest



CHAPEL OF ST. GOVAN.

person to turn round therein, and is at the same time quite filled by the smallest." It is used

A.D. 1662.—FENTON. "I was silly enough to count them twice; I made the number seventy-three, exclusive of broken and fragmentary ones." —Gosse. Our friend, Mr. Thomas Parnell (to whom we are indebted for much of the information contained in this division of our Tour), numbered them, and makes them seventy.

as a "wishing-place;" and the legend asserts that all who turn round therein, and steadfastly cling to the same wish during the operation, will most certainly obtain their wish before the expiration of the year: the smooth and glassy face of the rock testifies to its frequent use. No doubt some "holy" anchorite, "mistaking his road to heaven," here made himself miserable in life, and here, in after years, when a peculiar sanctity was attached to the scene of his self-sacrifice, came many pilgrims, with minds or bodies diseased, trusting in the virtues of stones the saint had trodden, and water of which he had drank; often, no doubt, obtaining "cures," the consequence of faith. Tradition gives this cavity a singular history. Our Lord—so runs the tale—pursued by the Jews, sought safety in this neighbourhood. Passing through a field where men were sowing barley, he ordered them at once to go for their reaping-hooks, and, if any passed that way and inquired after him, to say they had seen such an one, but that it was in sowing time. The men, although they knew not who it was, did as they were bid, fetched their hooks, and lo! on their return, the field was waving with ripe corn. Whilst engaged in the reaping, a band of men accosted them, as was expected, who, having received the appointed answer, gave up the chase in despair. The Lord, meanwhile, had been concealed in this crevice, which had opened to receive him, and still bears a faint impression of his person. The little chapel has a bell-gable, but it has been denuded of its bell, for, according to the same authority, once upon a time a sacrilegious pirate heard its silvery tones, and despoiled the sanctuary of its treasure; but God's vengeance overtook him, for no sooner had he embarked with his theft than a violent storm arose, in which he and his polluted band perished. A substitute, also, was provided for the loss in a large stone, which ever since, when struck, rings out the same note as the missing bell.* To reach the shore we pass the sainted well, said to be a sure and certain cure for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and having picked our way over and between immense stones, we arrive on the ledge of rocks that, at low water, runs round the base of the overhanging cliffs. The whole scene here is wonderfully grand: though we may be alone, there is no solitude, for there seems a Presence that fills the whole place, and, amidst these caverns and frowning precipices, we feel our own insignificance.

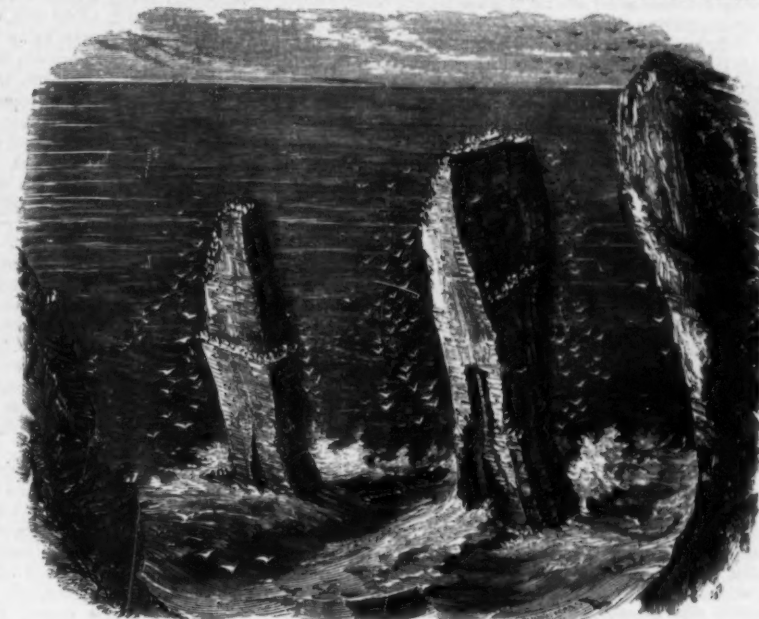
At a short distance from each other are three fissures, extending a considerable distance into the land. The first has no name; the second is the well-known HUNTSMAN'S LEAP, a frightful abyss, which is not seen till we are on the brink. Sea-pinks, heather, and furze grow to the edge of the crumbling banks, and the sides of the bare rocks are lichened over with many colours. A creeping sensation comes over us, as, looking to the depths below, we hear only the hollow muttering of the in-coming tide, or the chuckle of the sea-gull echoing from side to side. In one place the distance across is inconsiderable, and, half way down, the sides touch, like a collision of two huge leviathan ships; here it was the impetuous courser, in full career, plunged across, bearing on his back the terrified huntsman, to give a name to the place, and to die with fright on his arrival home. Adjoining is Bosheston Meer, a funnel-shaped chasm, sixteen fathoms deep, communicating with the sea, through which, at certain seasons and times of the tide, a great volume of water is forced up to an incredible height, and with an unearthly noise, only to be heard in wild weather. "And, which is more strange," writes old George Owen (*temp.* Queen Elizabeth), "if sheepe, or other like cattell, be grazing neere the pitt, oftentimes they are forcibly and violently drawne and carried into the pitt; and if a cloke or other garment be cast on the ground, neere the pitt, at certaine seasons, you shall stande afarre of, and see it sodainly snatched, drawne, and swallowed up into the pitt, and never scene againe."

The neighbourhood has other objects of singular attraction. Not far from Bosheston Meer is a "sunken wood"—a place of great interest; "a round pit, of some fifty feet wide, yawns in the ground; it is full of ash-trees which, springing from all parts of the bottom and sides, just reach to the summit, and no more—a curious example of the influence of the sea-spray in preventing the growth of trees." "The whole neighbourhood, from many striking traditions, and other circumstances, appears to have been the scene of frequent and bloody contests." There are, or were, when Fenton wrote his history, in 1811, in this neighbourhood, three upright stones, about a mile distant from each other. The tradition is that on a certain day these stones meet to "dance the Hay," at a place called Saxon's Ford, and when the dance is over, travel back and resume their places. These stones are referred to by Giraldus, as having been placed by Harold to record his victories, and contained inscriptions—

HIC HAROLDVS VICTOR FVIT.

* "I found that this ringing power was possessed by a good many of the boulders in the wilderness of stones over which I had to clamber my way down."—Gosse.

"Nothing can exceed the awful wildness that throughout characterises this solitude, amidst a chaos of rocky fragments broken into a thousand irregular shapes, with every object shut out but such as are best calculated to inspire meditation—the canopy of Heaven and the trackless



STACK ROCKS.

ocean." As we were leaving the spot, we were saluted by an old man and a delicate little girl—his grandchild, who were crossing the heath.

"'Tis a wild place you have here," we said, pointing to the Meer.



HUNTSMAN'S LEAP.

"Ye may well say that, if ye heard 'en at work; though a dunna howl now half so bad as when I was a lad—people have been known to hear 'n as far as Cold Blow, up by

Narberth, and that is fifteen miles, as the bird flies. 'As got a deal quieter now,' he added; 'some sex part of 'en is broke away; but for all that 'a do holla away main stoutly yit upon times—many and many is the times I've alay awake listening to his noise.'

"Do many people visit the neighbourhood?" we inquired. "Yis, a sight of people comes here in the summer from all parts, only out of curiosity, like you, mab-be,—but lots comes for the cure."

"The cure?" "Yis, they come to St. Govan's to try the well; and it's only them as haven't got no faith that goes away without being cured. Why, I myself have had some lodging at my own cottage who came on crutches, but when they left could walk away as lusty and strong as you can."

"If the well is so efficacious, why do you not try its effects upon her," said we, looking upon the child at his side, who seemed in a rapid consumption, "she looks rather ill?"

"Ay, poor thing, she is ill," said the old man, mournfully. "We have tried everything we could think of, and only yesterday we had over the charm-doctor, but he wouldn't try on her, as he said he could not do her any good. To please the mother, I am now taking her to the well; but I know it's no use, for—" and he lowered his voice to a whisper—"I have seen her light!"

The old man and his charge having wished us good morning, pursued their way to St. Govan's, whilst we struck off in an opposite direction for the STACK ROCKS.

The path is along the summit of the high cliff, from the margin of which we are never too remote to hear the splash of the waves as they roll into the little creeks with which this coast is notched "like a saw." Here and there, in our course, we pass by some wondrous aperture, with yawning mouth, that communicates subterraneously with the sea; and, at a short distance from the "leap," we have an opportunity of examining one of those singular camps, very numerous along these coasts, remaining as souvenirs of that northern race who, in the early dawn of our history, swooped like birds of prey upon the land.† Long before we arrive, we are made aware of our proximity to the Stacks by the incessant noise and hum of the birds that occupy them, and when the spot is reached, the scene is of the most interesting description. We are on the breeding-grounds of various birds that "time out of mind" have selected this wild and little frequented place. Here they congregate in vast numbers. From May to September the two lofty isolated rocks are the homes of the Razor Bill, the waddling Guillemot, or Eligug, which gives its name to the rocks, and that foolish-looking creature called the Puffin, who possesses the humorous propensity of driving rabbits from their warrens, and hatching in the holes. Every available ledge and cranny of the rocks are covered, and the crests seem one mass of animated nature. Indeed, the taller Stack has the appearance of a great unheavened monumental column, covered with alto-relievos alive and in motion. Some are engaged in sitting on their one egg, some in paddling it out with their feet to the sun; here may be seen a red-throated diver on the water, in the act of plunging for his prey; there a gull cradled on a wave, looking about him with entire nonchalance; while, on the craggy ledge of some rock, the green cormorant, stretching out his wings to dry, is waiting for his last meal to digest, preparatory to engaging in another.

The reader must not suppose that we have exhausted the store of sea-cliffs which the wild coast round this shore supplies; it is very productive of scenes and incidents such as those we describe. But we have conducted the Tourist only through beaten tracks; he who is strong enough and venturesome enough to explore for himself, will encounter many other marvels that will amply recompense time and toil. And if he be a naturalist, how abundant of wealth is every one of these green lanes and grey sea-rocks!‡

* "The whole tract is full of what may be not improperly called sea-wells; large circular cavities in the ground, at some distance from the shore, with perpendicular sides, as deep as the height of the cliff, into which the sea finds its way with much noise and violence."—MALKIN. "At Bosherton Meer, when impelled by wind and tide concurring into it, the sea is sent up in a column of foam, thirty or forty feet above the mouth of the pit, exhibiting the appearance of a perfect rainbow."—FENTON.

† A short distance from the Stacks, on the main land, is a large Danish camp, which occupies a neck of land, and on which is one of the greatest wonders of the coast, "The Caldron, or Devil's Punch-bowl." "The 'Caldron' is a chasm of exceeding grandeur, surpassing in sublimity anything I had yet seen. It is a somewhat circular pit, with absolutely perpendicular sides, about two hundred feet in depth. . . . No description could do justice to this extraordinary chasm, or convey any idea of its sublimity and grandeur."—GOSSIE.

‡ We have recommended—and do so again—William Jenkins, of Tenby (his whereabouts may be easily ascertained), as a person very useful to aid in collecting the treasures of lane and rock. His demands of payment for skill and labour are very moderate, and he is usually supplied with tanks full of *actines*—which he frequently sends (and sometimes by post) to London and other parts. As a companion and guide in search of natural wonders he is very serviceable to the Tourist.

We thus bring to a close our visit to charming Tenby. We are aware that our statements and descriptions have induced many to visit this delightful sea-side town, and we have full confidence that such visitors have not been disappointed.

At present Tenby is distant twelve miles from a railway—the terminus of the South Wales Railway at Neyland. This may, or it may not, be a disadvantage; for the drive is a delicious drive—over the Ridgeway, or by "the lower road," through Carew; and it is, perhaps, a refreshment to inhale pure sea breezes, for a couple of hours, after the steam and scream of a railway carriage. Ere long, however, the train will be carried into the town, and Tenby, with its multifarious advantages, will probably become the most popular sea-bathing place of the Kingdom.

Its several attractions we have endeavoured to exhibit in these papers; they may be repeated in a brief "summing up." The sands are singularly hard and dry—dry within a few minutes after the retreating tide has left them, and so hard, that those who walk—even those who ride—leave scarce the impress of a footstep in passing; they extend also between two and three miles north and south. Here the breezes are always "hearty," yet they may be comparatively mild or invigorating, according to the quarter in which they are sought: thus persons with delicate lungs may breathe freely in one direction, while in another the robust lover of nature may rejoice in the boisterous strength of winds that from any of the "four quarters blow." The town and neighbourhood of Tenby may therefore be recommended as a winter, as well as a summer, residence; but as on this topic we cannot speak from personal experience, we refer, in a note, to the proper authorities.*

It is needless to refer again to the many sources of enjoyment here supplied to the naturalist, or to those who seek useful pleasures in green lanes or among rocks on the sea-shore. The charming volume of Mr. Gosse will show how abundant is every hedge-row and sea-cliff "hereabouts." They must be idle in heart as well as mind who lack amusement or occupation here.

To the antiquary, the archaeologist, the ecclesiologist, and the historian, there is a treasure-store in this vicinity, as—aided by the artist—we have shown.† The Castles of Pembroke, Carew, and Manorbier are within easy reach; the venerable Palace of Lamphey is not far distant; while, as we shall hereafter explain, a day by railway will convey the Tourist to many of the most beautiful, and the most interesting, and the most instructive districts of the Kingdom.

The lodging-houses in Tenby are, of course, numerous, and, for the most part, good, and not dear. On the other hand, the "hotels" are indifferent; they offer no inducement to "a stay" beyond a single night. Carriages, open and closed, are in sufficient number, and at moderate charges. The markets are well supplied: *fish* being the article most scarce and most in request—Tenby depending rather on "foreign" supplies than upon the activity of its own fishermen, whose boats are often sleeping at the quay. The oysters of Tenby are famous "all the world over."

There are warm baths sufficiently convenient and comfortable, and machines on the shore, although by no means enough. Of public rooms it is sadly deficient. There is an assembly room, limited in size and inconvenient, and a reading-room, neat and well arranged, but scarcely so big as an hotel parlour. The church, an impressive and interesting structure, does not afford sufficient accommodation to both visitors and parishioners; but the excellent and respected Rector is arranging for the substitution of seats for pews, by which ample space and verge enough will be obtained,—at all events for some time to come.

But the evils that exist in this pleasant and attractive watering-place are in process of removal. If Tenby had the "luck" to find a single person of intelligence and energy to render available all its resources, it would become ere long—what it unquestionably may be—the most popular, as it certainly is the most abundantly endowed, of the sea-bathing places of Great Britain. As it is, however, its attractions are many and manifest.‡

* Tenby, one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and partially surrounded by high lands, that are a protection against the obnoxious winds that occasionally prevail, is not only everything that can be desired by the summer tourist, but is by no means ill adapted as a winter residence for the invalid. The climate, for the greater portion of the year, is warm, dry, and bracing; the air is so mild that the myrtle, *laetia*, and *verbena*, flourish in the open air all the year round. Walsh, in his "Manual of Domestic Medicine," recently published, says that "Tenby is by far the most delightful watering-place in the west of England and South Wales, being mild in its winter temperature, and free from autumnal vegetable decay. It is one of the best climates in England for the general run of invalids who require sea air, and is only inferior to Undercliff and Torquay for those who are afflicted with pulmonary complaints." In one of the guides to Tenby, however, a local physician (Dr. Sutton) holds that it is fully equal to Torquay, and that Hastings, Ventnor, and Torquay—the three watering-places in England most frequented by invalids during winter—are all inferior to Tenby in this respect; "the climate there, although mild, being excessively relaxing. Tenby, on the contrary, is equally mild, is nevertheless invigorating." The average temperature is about 60° of Fahrenheit: extreme cold is seldom experienced, and snow rarely lies upon the ground. Sir James Clark is of opinion that a cold, damp, and variable climate gives a predisposition to consumption. The temperature of Tenby being the reverse, cannot be an improper place for the residence of persons with tender lungs. The climate of the whole of South Pembrokeshire is remarkable for its mildness, and in parts, as at Stackpole, plants which in most other parts of Great Britain require the protection of greenhouses, thrive in the open air. The following table gives the result of a careful analysis of the temperature of Milford Haven, kept by Sir Thomas Pasley, at the Dockyard, which, lying exposed to breezes from the Atlantic on the west, and from winds from the Presely mountains on the north, is by no means so warm as the neighbourhood of Tenby:—

MEAN OF MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM, 1850—53.

Years.	Maximum.	Minimum.
1850	55.70	45.00
1851	55.90	43.30
1852	56.40	44.10
1853	53.22	41.63
Means	55.30	43.45

Difference between mean summer and winter 16.77. Mean total rain of four years 22.761.

Thus we find that the climate of Tenby is nearly as equable and mild as that of Madeira, and consequently well adapted for a winter residence.

† The great portion of these illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. E. A. BROOKS, whose valuable volume, "The Gardens of England," obtained for him well merited celebrity. His drawings of Tenby and its neighbourhood have been to us highly satisfactory; they have so much pleased the inhabitants of the town, that he has been induced, in a great measure, to settle among them, and the corporation commissioned him to paint a picture expressly for themselves.

‡ We have stated that at the terminus at Neyland there is an hotel of the best order, built, and, we believe, "managed," under the auspices of the Directors of the South Wales Railway. The comforts here are many, and the charges low. It is but a step from the station, and two excellent steam ferry-boats are continually plying between the quay at Neyland and that at Pater, to convey passengers across the "small arm" of the bay. Moreover, this hotel is charmingly situated. At Pater public conveyances from Tenby await the arrival of all London trains, and private carriages are readily procured by signal from the hotel. We have explained the many reasons why this plan of procedure is preferable to that by Narberth Road. Visitors to Tenby who have no "lodgings" secured, and who arrive at Neyland by the express train at half-past six, will do wisely perhaps to remain there until the morning; then drive to Tenby, having ample time to make the requisite arrangements for comfort and accommodation, instead of being compelled to locate themselves hurriedly and perhaps unpleasantly.

LIVERPOOL
SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

THE causes of the origin of this Society are well known to the artistic world, and need no comment. It is sufficient to say that its promoters seem actuated by no other motives than a desire to give a fair field to talent, without undue favour to any particular school. Judging from the support the society receives from all our leading men, save a few of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, we may safely say it is now firmly established. Its operations are carried on by the council and officers gratuitously, so that when its funds increase beyond its expenditure, which is fully expected this year, they will be laid out annually in its own exhibition—in the purchase of first-class pictures for a permanent gallery of modern Art.

The second exhibition of the society opened with a private view to the subscribers and leading men of the town, on Saturday, the 3rd ult., on which day sales were effected to about £1300. On Monday, the 5th, it was opened to the public, when the sales were increased to about £1500, several of our London artists selling all their contributions.

We are not about to enter into a criticism of the merits of the works of Art exhibited: it is enough to say that the specimens are all worthy of the names of the individual painters. Our present object is simply to specify the various contributors, and show, as near as we can by description, how their works are situated.

Entering the hall by the left door, where the catalogue commences, we find the first compartment occupied by the water-colours without margins, and miniatures, enamels, &c., to the height of about six feet, oil paintings occupying the remainder above. Among these water-colours we observed some of the best specimens of the President of the Old Water-Colour Society, H. Warren, his picture of the "Peri" occupying the centre, opposite the entrance. Around are works by Weigall, Miss Sharpe, A. Penley, Burgess, Essex, D'Egville, Rowbotham, Soper, Richardson, Bartholomew, Chase, Dobbin, B. R. Green, W. Callow, W. Bennett, &c., all in good situations. Immediately over these, on the left wing, are paintings by Alexander Blaikley (the "Opening of the Parliament," a centre picture), "Heads," by Amiconi, and several landscapes of merit. In the centre of this compartment is Poingdestre's picture of "Horses going to Market," supported by Salters at one side and Heaphy at the other, surrounded by the works of A. Gilbert, Marshall, Claxton, Wolfe, Nalder, Emmerson, &c. The right wing has C. Leslie's picture of "Balm Morning in North Wales" for its centre, having C. F. Buchanan, Mogford, and H. Bonner for companions.

The centre compartment of the hall, to the left, has on its left wing, on the line, Hornung's "Scene after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." On one side is a landscape by Niemann, on the other a sea sunset by J. Danby. These are surrounded by the works of Pickersgill, R.A., T. G. Cooper, Henshaw, Knight, R.A., A. F. Patten, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., Meyer, of Bremen, E. A. Pettitt, D. W. Dean, V. Fleury, H. Desvignes, and J. B. Smith. The middle of this compartment has Faed's "Sunday in the Backwoods" for its centre picture, supported right and left by the two Boddingtons, Duffield, and Herrick, which have in their vicinity works by Leu, Niemann, Wainwright, A. Ludovici, Hengsbach, Wingfield, Hayes, A.R.H.A., F. Dillon, R. B. Beechy, H. K. Taylor, &c. The right wing of this compartment has for its centre, on the line, Gavin's picture of "Thread the Needle," supported by works by Alexander Johnson, Pickersgill, R.A., Ewbank, Clint, J. E. Meadows, G. Cole, A. Dever, W. Beattie, Miss Tekusch, &c.

Entering the large compartment at the end of the hall, we find on its left screen, in the centre, Caraud's picture of "Louis XIV. and Madame Maintenon at Versailles, witnessing the performance of the lady pupils of St. Cyr." On one side is Herrick's picture of "Othello," and on the other Baccani's "Marguerita." These are surrounded by works by Erskine Nicol, T. P. Hall, Herdman of Edinburgh, Halle, V. Cole, Hurlstone, A. Corbould, A. Flamm, and Lindlar. The left side of this compartment has for its centre Elmore's pic-

ture of "Charles V. at Yuste." On one side is T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., and on the other is Erskine Nicol; whilst immediately surrounding are pictures by W. J. Grant, Norbury, J. J. Curnock, G. Wolfe, Houston, A.R.A., Melby, G. A. Williams, J. Calvert, C. Dodd, G. Simson, J. D. Wingfield, J. J. Hughes, &c. The great end of the room has for its centre Lee's picture of the "Coast of Cornwall." On the line are pictures by Duncan, Herring, Sen., A. B. Clay, Eugene de Block, Amanda Fougere, J. F. Cropsey, Carand, and Hubner; whilst in the immediate vicinity are works by Underhill, Mrs. Oliver, Cordes, Salentin, Dever, D. O. Hill, R.S.A., Curnock, Butler, Morris, Hurlston, Pettitt, Rolfe, Burnett, &c. The right hand space of this compartment has for its centre Hart's picture of "Eccelino," supported by Taylor, Hall, Melby, G. Walters, W. G. Herdman, Cole, Holyoake, Dielman, Gooderson, &c. In the immediate vicinity are works by Jungheim, B. Callow, Bottomley, T. Smith, &c. The right screen of this end has Leu's picture of "A Norwegian Fjord" for its centre, supported by Cesare Dell'Acqua, Cropsey, Jerome, Hubner, Cole, Bosch, McManus, and Marquis. Around are pictures by Rayner, Salisbury, Pickersgill, Jun., and Emmerson.

The next central compartment of the hall has, in the middle space, Hart's picture of "Athaliah." The line is then divided between Lance and Cordes on one side, and David de Noter and Weber on the other; also Cobbett, Woolmer, W. Callow, Portman, Wells, Desanges, &c. The left screen has Mrs. E. M. Ward's picture of "An Incident in the Childhood of Frederick the Great" for a centre. On one side is Pyne, on the other Herring, and in the immediate vicinity are works by Baccani, Josiah Green, B. Callow, Poingdestre, Kepler, Calderon, Callaway, G. Sant, C. Foley, G. S. Wood, and Madame Geefs. The opposite screen has Gavin's picture of "The Orphans" for its centre. To the right of this is Pyne, and on the left Tennant. Surrounding are works by Boser, Hoegg, J. B. Smith, Peele, P. W. Elen, J. Richardson, Steffani, J. L. Stewart, C. Rolt, A. Becker, &c.

We now come to the last compartment, where the water-colours with margins are placed. Amongst these will be found works by Miss Lance, Herdman and Sons of Liverpool, Collingwood of Liverpool, B. R. Green, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Huggins, R. L. Bond, T. J. Soper, J. Stone, A. C. Stannus, A. Penley, Rowbotham, J. Chase, and Mrs. Duffield; whilst immediately above are works by Parrott, Buchanan of London, Niemann, Gooderson, Shalders, J. B. Smith, Baccani, Clothier, Becker, J. Noble, Barker, Tovey, Simms, Heffer, Barnard, &c. The cross screens in the avenue have on or near the line, Tennant, Earle, Mogford, Sant, Steffani, J. Anderson, F. Smallfield, Coignard, Beechy, Mogford, and Simms.

The spaces on each side the staircase have on the line at one side David Roberts, R.A., and on the other Armitage. In the immediate vicinity are Pyne, H. Bourne, Madame Lagache, Simonson, David de Noter, Marshall, Claxton, &c.

In the gallery are works by W. West, Duffield, Rayner, Collingwood, Leslie, Nalder, Legras, Clothier, Hornung, D. Cox, Jun., Mrs. Criddle, R. Elmore, T. L. Boys, Bouvier, &c.

The sculpture is numerous, and judiciously placed at the ends of the screens, or in the centres of the compartments; and comprises contributions by Fontana, Weekes, Durham, Foley, Baron Marochetti, Leifchild, C. E. Smith of Liverpool, C. Moore, Westmacott, Halse, and B. Spence.

It will be observed that, in the oil-painting compartments, there are eleven centres of sides—eight of these have been awarded to English painters, and three to foreigners.

The liberality and fair-dealing of the society have brought them contributions from all the principal schools of the continent, and even from America; and we find, interspersed, works from Paris, Düsseldorf, Antwerp, Berlin, Bremen, Munich, Italy, &c.

We subjoin a list of the sales of the first week.
No. 403, "A Norwegian Fjord," A. Leu. No. 278, "Lake of Lucerne," J. Butler. No. 21, "Dryburgh Abbey," J. Joy. No. 668, "The Swale Marshes, Yorkshire," by J. Joy. No. 336, "Coast of Norway," Cordes. No. 635, "The Town Choir of Cartmel Priory Church," Herdman, Jun. No. 275, "A Norwegian Fjord," Melby.

No. 320, "Angers, on the Loire," E. G. Muller. No. 422, "Hastings—Evening," C. Sims. No. 656, "A Shady Brook," C. Simms. No. 263, "Fern-gatherer," J. Michie. No. 60, "Vale Castle, Guernsey," G. Wolfe. No. 409, "Dutch Trader," H. K. Taylor. No. 667, "Houses of Parliament, from the Thames," Anderson. No. 153, "A Lake in Bavaria," A. Leu. No. 167, "Evening," C. Smith. No. 427, "Kate," J. Colby. No. 508, "In North Wales," J. Smith. No. 645, "The Britthorn, Suisse," A. Becker. No. 583, "St. Paul's," Finnie. No. 580, "Near Haslemere, Surrey," J. B. Smith. No. 160, "Italian Girl," D. Simonson. No. 480, "A Country Girl," F. Boser. No. 513, "The Little Church-goer," F. Boser. No. 452, "Woodland Scenery," A. Kepler. No. 246, "The Wetterhorn," S. W. Lindlar. No. 447, "Study of a Lion's Head," G. S. Wood. No. 377, "Destruction of a Jetty," H. K. Taylor. No. 297, "A Gitana," Amanda Fougere. No. 468, "Pont-y-Pool," J. J. Curnock. No. 156, "The Boudoir," Ludovici. No. 405, "The Serenade," Bosch. No. 117, "Dutch Shipping," H. K. Taylor. No. 130, "The Alchemyst," C. Webbe. No. 552, "The Little Suppliant," Meyer, of Bremen. No. 178, "A Marine View," R. B. Beechy. No. 57, "La Belle Lisette," F. Heaphy. No. 531, "Hound and Terrier," T. Earl. No. 31, "Ella si Lusinga," Amiconi. No. 52, "The Alhambra," J. Dobbin. No. 673, "Coast of Ilfracombe," W. West. No. 431, "Coming Events," W. Stubbs. No. 131, "View near Staplehurst," J. B. Smith. No. 16, "Love and the Novice," A. Rowan. No. 300, "The Lake of the Four Cantons," C. Jungheim. No. 28, "La Colazione," B. Amiconi. No. 471, "Evening," C. Smith. Total £1700.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The *plaid* of artists who had followed our armies to Italy have come back with bronzed faces and portfolios full of incidents by fell and flood.—It is said that M. Jeavron has discovered a fresco at Milan attributed to Leonardo da Vinci.—Yvon has been commissioned by the Emperor to paint the battles of Magenta and Solferino for Versailles.—M. Dumont, of the Institute, has been commissioned to execute the statue of Pope Urban V., who was a Frenchman by birth, to be placed opposite the Cathedral of Mende.—The group by Ktex, "Maternal Grief," has been purchased by government; also that of a "Bacchante and Faun" by Crauck.—An article in the *Revue des Beaux Arts* seems to take it as ill behaviour that the English artists did not send to the last *Salon*, after having been invited, and having promised so to do. The writer appears to have forgotten that the obstacle in the way was the breaking out of the recent war between France and Austria.—On the occasion of the recent *Fête de l'Empereur*, a large distribution of paintings, sculptures, &c., was made to provincial museums, churches, &c.: the decoration of *Croix d'Honneur* was also given to several distinguished men of science.—The municipality of Paris votes each year a considerable sum for the Fine Arts: out of these funds the Cupola at St. Roch has been restored; St. Nicolas des Champs decorated with fresh paintings; important works have been executed at the Church of St. Sulpice by Duval and Lafon; the Churches of St. Severin, St. Philip du Roule, and St. Nicolas du Chardonnet have received paintings, and the steeple on Notre Dame is nearly finished: the sum spent on these works amounts to above 300,000 francs.—Several tall columns have been erected in various parts of Paris, in order that engineers may make observations as to the direction the new streets are to take. Although so large a portion of old Paris has been already taken down, it appears that an enormous amount of demolishing is yet to be done—in short, Paris will soon be a new city.—A proposition has been submitted to the proper authorities to make the prison of Mont St. Michel a museum for mediæval curiosities.—The papers here speak of the discovery, in a village church in the department of the *Seine-Inférieure*, of a picture by Jouvenet, one of the most distinguished of the French historical painters, who died in 1717. It is a large work, the subject the "Assumption of the Virgin," and is reported to be one of the artist's best pictures; it is signed and dated 1713.

BERLIN.—The numerous and large cartoons executed by Cornelius have been placed in the Academy here, where they occupy several apartments: the exhibition is open to the public.

HAMPTON COURT CARTOONS.

By the photographs of the Cartoons exhibited at the Kensington Museum, we are painfully reminded of the condition of these works. The photographer has, of course, selected the best sections of the remnants, for there are portions of them from which no idea of original form or colour could be gathered—as, for instance, the robe of the Saviour in "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" was originally red, whereas it is now grey. Indeed, the primary force and brilliancy of the compositions can only be understood by comparisons with the tapestries in Rome or in Berlin, of which latter a word anon. Sixteen years have elapsed since the protection of the cartoons by glass, was suggested in this Journal, as the only way of preserving them. The most delicate works in the National Gallery have been covered,—for this every lover of Art will be thankful,—but of the Cartoons, which are more delicate than any of these, the majority are still exposed to injury from dust and atmospheric action. The tone presented to us in the photographs is, of course, low, and could not, with every allowance, be accepted as that of the faces, were it even many tones higher, from the bad light by which the Cartoons are seen. But the flesh hues have faded much more than oil colour would have done during a like period—the evanescence of *tempera* more imperatively demands protection. The incorruptible lens sets before us some of the most characteristic heads, with all the cracks and disfigurement of upwards of three centuries—it may be said, of neglect.

Two of the compositions were, a few weeks ago, covered with glass—perhaps some others are now glazed; but this should have been done immediately after their restoration; for the tints are more fugitive than those of an honestly treated water-colour drawing. Haydon, years before his death, protested energetically against the piecemeal ruin of the Cartoons. He proposed their removal from the room they now occupy, the windows of which in summer are always open, looking on the inner court, the fountain of which, like the light in the eyes of some one of Moore's heroines, is "ever playing." In gusty weather, the spray is carried into the gallery; and it cannot be doubted that this reservoir of moist air—for such the court certainly is—has had much to do with the decomposition of the Cartoons. If, however, they be hermetically sealed, what remains of them may be preserved; but as they are too important to be hidden at Hampton Court, it is to be hoped that in the projected Art-buildings a Cartoon gallery will not be forgotten.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago there was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, a portion of a set of tapestries worked from these compositions. They were nine in number, and the property of Mr. Bullock, who, we believe, at that time, had some interest in the Egyptian Hall. The purchase of these tapestries was urged upon the government of the day, because the Cartoons being at Hampton Court, they would have been more valuable to us than to any other nation. They were executed at Arras, contemporaneously with those that are so carefully preserved in the Vatican, and which serve, on high ceremonials, to decorate the Sixtine Chapel. In the time of Henry VIII., and until the death of Charles I., they hung in the Palace of Whitehall; but when the Art-treasures of that unfortunate monarch were dispersed, they were purchased by the Spanish ambassador, in London, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, for the Duke of Alba, and they remained in the palace of the Alba family, at Madrid, until 1823. They were then purchased by Mr. Tupper, the British Consul, by whom they were brought to England. After an interval of about twenty years, they became the property of Mr. Bullock, and were, as we have said, exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. In 1844 they were purchased for the Berlin Museum, in the rotunda of which we have seen them, not without a feeling that they should have enriched our own collection. The fact of the Cartoons having been executed principally by Raffaele's pupils, may be urged as a plea for a second restoration; but it is to be hoped that this will never be listened to.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE ADMIRABLE ENGRAVING, BY J. H. WATT, FROM SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE'S PAINTING OF

"CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN."

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

If there were language in each star,
A voice in every onward wave;—
If every breeze that travell'd far,
An ever-during utterance gave;
They yet must fail to tell the worth
Of those blest words Christ spake on earth.

O morn, it was no light of sun
That left such glory on thy face:
It was a light in Christ begun—
A sun that ne'er will run its race!
A light—a sun—whose endless ray
Shall cheer affliction's darkest day.

Blest words, that wider circle fill
Than frail humanity can span;
That thrill—and shall for ages thrill—
The universal heart of man:
Words with eternal comfort rife;
Words throbbing with immortal life.

Though weak the little feet that came,
Half coyly to the Saviour's side;
Though small the lips that lisped his name,
Though cheek'd by his Disciples' pride,
He, who beholdeth all things, saw
In each child's face God's written law.

As in the seed we know the flower
That future suns shall wake to birth,
So, in the child, Christ saw that dower
Which speaks of other worlds than earth!
That germ which sleeps in quiet might,
Till God shall call it into light!

Though they could neither see nor hear
What then our Saviour saw and heard—
The glory of another sphere!—
The music of Jehovah's word!—
To His divine humanity
All things of heaven were open'd free.

Oh, fitting theme for painter's art,
That brings the Past before man's eyes;
That bids him from no portion part
Till angels meet him in the skies!—
What worthier theme for painter's skill
Than truths which Christian hope fulfil?—

Yes, come to Jesus—what delight
So rich as that in Jesus born?—
Come, sleep in Him with prayers at night!
And wake in Him with hymns at morn!
And let your growing hearts approve
The spirit of your Saviour's love!

He, who did little children bless,
Will still receive and bless them now:—
Kneel to Him in your loveliness—
Pray for His hand to press your brow:—
That hand which life to all hath given,
That welcomes all from earth to heaven.

Christ waiteth;—shall your Saviour plead,
And you, with children at your knee,
Still pause, their little steps to lead,
To Him who loves them more than ye!—
Teach, father, teach the way He trod;—
Lead, mother, lead thy child to God!

Art is the world's interpreter!
It speaks to every land the same;
And Art can higher fame confer,
And wider spread the painter's name,
Than all the poetry of mind
To land and language strict confin'd!

Then, on the eloquence of truth,
How grand to fix a nation's gaze;
And robe in everlasting youth
The images of perished days!
More glorious, Eastlake, such renown,
Than hero's wreath—or monarch's crown!

CHARLES SWAIN.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON is still persevering in his efforts for the enclosure of Hampstead Heath; but it is probable that he contemplates rather a compensation than actual and legal possession; for any act of parliament in his favour must be followed by an assessment of numerous claims, to be in such case put in by an extensive population of proprietors and leaseholders, according to the terms of their respective tenures. The threatened conversion of Hampstead Heath into another Tyburnia has been felt to be a prospective calamity, so serious as to call forth an organized resistance to the measures of the lord of the manor, on the part not only of the owners, lessees, and occupiers of property at Hampstead and in the vicinity, but also of certain of the metropolitan parishes. The means that prevailed for the formation of a park for Finsbury, in opposition to a similar complication of claims, might also be effective in the case of Hampstead Heath. In deprecating the allocation of cockney villas on the Heath, we advocate the cause of the London artists, for there is no other site near the metropolis where we can find such a variety of precious, open-air material, from accessory and background *mezzanoe* to the entire landscape; for in these days a few dashes of the brush will not, as of yore, stand for a passage of nature—a veritable locality must be sought and honestly painted. With the exception of rock and mountain, almost every feature of nature may be realized from the scenery of Hampstead. The pictorial merits of the place are attested in the works of Constable, Linnell, Harding, Stanfield, Cox, Dewint, Duncan, Ward, Dauby, Callcott, Namyth, Collins—indeed, all our London landscape-painters owe their earliest debt of nature to this Fiesole of ours. And to those *tyrones* whose fledgling efforts have not yet returned them the means of going to the coast, or North Wales, the Highlands, Arran, or any of our nearer pastoral battle-fields, it is a very life-school. "Hampstead," as it was written until late in the last century, occurs early in the catalogues of the Royal Academy. But Wilson had given the public a taste for Italian scenery and grand effects, so that Hampstead began to be understood only after Gainsborough showed that works not less valuable, and equally interesting, could be constructed of domestic materials. It was not, however, until recently that the place has been fully appreciated, that is, when landscape art ceased to be a loose reminiscence, and became a serious study of nature. It may be that Government is not at present prepared to promote the purchase by a considerable grant; but, in any case, until the Heath can be secured, measures may be taken for the prevention of its allotment in building sites. The movement for the maintenance of the place in its natural integrity is a sanitary impulse, and therefore cannot be opposed by Mr. Spooner and Mr. Coningham, and those who vote with him on Art-questions. The portion of land proposed to be secured to the public as a park consists of about two hundred and fifty acres, and about eighty acres adjoining, a part of the settled estates of Sir T. Maryon Wilson, Bart., lord of the manor of Hampstead, who, by the will of his late father, is not empowered to grant building leases. The Heath itself is entirely unproductive, but portions of the land are available for agricultural purposes. The present valuation of the ground may be from £150,000 to £200,000, but should Sir T. M. Wilson succeed in the appropriation by act of parliament before the lands are secured to the public, the new interest so created would most materially enhance the cost of the property, and probably render the acquisition of the lands by the public perhaps entirely unattainable. As, therefore, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson renews his application to Parliament each session, it were well that the question were settled within some convenient but brief period. It would be gratifying to see the names of some of our most eminent painters among those of the promoters of this really most desirable acquisition; but, after all, it is a public question, in which every denizen of our vast city is more or less interested.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY and the Marlborough House Collection are now closed to the public; the former will be opened again on the 24th of the present month; but the pictures lately at Marlborough House will be removed to the temporary building, at Kensington—the former edifice being required for the use of the Prince of Wales.

AN EXHIBITION of the works of David Roberts, R.A., is, it is reported, to take place during the approaching winter. We have not yet heard where the pictures will be hung: we presume, however, the place will be at the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—We took a walk round the interior of this building the other day, and found that Mr. Sang and his large staff of assistants were progressing rapidly with the work of re-decoration, on which they have been engaged for some weeks. The embellishments are in fresco, not simply painted as before; and, so far as we could judge from the portion already finished, the arcade, or ambulatories, will have a splendid appearance. The ornamentation is remarkably rich in colour, and elegant in design. We shall recur to the subject when the work is completed.

WEST'S PICTURE of "Christ crowned with Thorns," which, as our readers will remember, was terribly damaged some months since, by a man who was formerly an inmate of a lunatic asylum, has been restored and replaced in the chancel of All Soul's Church, Langham Place. It was supposed that the canvas, which was literally cut into large strips, had been so mutilated as to make restoration impossible, especially as the most delicate and important parts of the painting had suffered most severely; but Mr. Farrar, of New Bond Street, who was entrusted by the vestry of Marylebone with the task of repairing it, has so well succeeded, that all traces of the mischief perpetrated have entirely disappeared. The picture was never at any time a work of the highest class; indeed, West cannot be regarded as a great painter; but it was far too valuable to be lost, and we are therefore glad to know that it is again safe and sound.

OSBORNE HOUSE.—Mr. Lake Price is stated to have received a commission from her Majesty to execute a series of photographic views of the principal apartments at Osborne House, with their contents.

NEW HORTICULTURAL GARDEN AT KENSINGTON GORE.—A model, showing how the ground will be laid out in terraces for the garden of the Horticultural Society, has just been placed in the South Kensington Museum, at the north end, near the entrance to the Ornamental Art-rooms. Between the Kensington Road and Cromwell Road, the ground falls about 40 feet, and using this fact in aid of a general effect, the ground has been divided into three principal levels. The entrances to the gardens will be on the lower level, in Exhibition and Prince Albert's Roads, and the central pathway, upwards of 75 feet wide, ascending through terraces to the third great level, will lead to the Winter Garden. The whole garden will be surrounded by Italian arcades, each of the three levels having arcades of a different character. The upper, or north arcade, where the boundary is semi-circular in form, will be a modification of the arcades of the Villa Albani, at Rome; the central arcade will be almost wholly of Milanese brickwork, interspersed with terra-cotta, majolica, &c.; whilst the design for the south arcade has been adapted from the beautiful Cloisters of St. John Lateran, at Rome. None of these arcades will be less than 20 feet wide, and 25 feet high, and they will give a promenade, sheltered from all weathers, more than three-quarters of a mile in length. The arcades and earthworks will be executed by the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, at a cost of £50,000; whilst the laying out of the gardens, and the construction of the conservatory, or winter garden, will be executed by the Horticultural Society, and will cost about the same sum, the greater part of which has been already raised.

THE ADDITIONS TO THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—At the end of the late session, some nine or ten thousand pounds were asked for by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for certain supplementary additions

to the exhibition buildings at Brompton, for the reception of the Turner and Vernon Collections at Marlborough House. Being an Art-estimate, it was, as usual, opposed by Mr. Coningham and Mr. Spooner, and those who, on such subjects, vote with them. The money was, however, granted, and, in anticipation of such result, the buildings had been erected beforehand, by means, it may be presumed, of an advance from the Great Exhibition Fund. The rooms are those in which the Raffaele drawings have been exhibited; they do not appear so perfectly lighted as those in which the Sheepshanks Collection is placed; but their sufficiency in this respect cannot well be tested until they receive the pictures.

PICTURE BY MABUSE.—At Messrs. Graves, in Pall Mall, there is the most perfect example of Jean de Mabuse we have ever seen. It is a portrait of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and wife of James IV., King of Scotland, when about seventeen, and just before her marriage. The face is brilliant in colour, and the condition of the portrait generally is so perfect that it must have remained undisturbed for centuries, a well-appreciated gem in the possession of some ancient family. At Hampton Court there is, by the same painter, a group of portraits of the three children of Henry VII., Prince Arthur, Prince Henry (afterwards Henry VIII.), and Margaret, who is the youngest of the three, in fact, scarcely beyond infancy, and between the two heads there is a remarkable similarity. The quality and interest of the portrait are sufficient to recommend it to the National Portrait Gallery, but portraits of a certain kind are declined by the authorities, with a hope that the Queen will present to the gallery a selection from the royal collections. These portraits procured the artist extensive patronage among the English nobility, and many of his works remain in this country. There is also at Messrs. Graves a marble bust of Charles V., which must have been executed just before he withdrew into monastic retirement. He wears a richly ornamented suit of plate armour, and his features indicate advanced age. Another interesting portrait is that of Mrs. Elliot, by Gainsborough. The lady, in her time, figured as the authoress of memoirs which not only procured her an extensive celebrity in her lifetime, but have been deemed worthy of reproduction, inasmuch as to induce a recent re-publication. The portrait is in excellent preservation, and as careful as anything Gainsborough ever did. The three works are from the Northwick collection.

THE CHAMBERS' INSTITUTE AT PEEBLES.—There are few events more interesting than that which the newspapers of the past month have recorded: the opening of a Literary Institution, at Peebles, a free gift of Mr. William Chambers to his native town. After a long career of useful labour, this eminent and estimable gentleman finds himself—and we are pleased to record the fact—so prosperous, that he is enabled to carry out the cherished wish of his heart, by giving to his fellow townsmen such aids to progress as may lessen toil, and render it comparatively easy to acquire knowledge. His life has been a valuable one to mankind: the works that bear his name are so many valuable contributions to public good; they will long endure as evidence of his clear intellect, sound judgment, generous sympathies, pure philanthropy, and true patriotism; and if the library he has endowed had no other books than those he has produced, it would not be scantily supplied with means of instruction and sources of enjoyment. Mr. Chambers, however, is not an old man; his work was commenced early, and it is pleasant to believe he is destined to see the fruitage of the seed he has planted. We can rejoice while we envy the feelings that were his, when returning to the town he had quitted when a lad—full of hope, it may be, but with small trust, except in God and in himself—he announced his intention to make easy to others the path he had himself found beset with difficulties; supplying to the hereafter—the very humblest and poorest of his fellows—facilities for the acquisition of knowledge, and its associate, wealth, such as forty years ago were rarely within reach of any but the high-born and the rich. The Chambers' Institute may grace and benefit Peebles, but the glory of its foundation will be shared by all, everywhere, who appreciate true worth, and honour the results of wisely and usefully-directed toil.

THE STATUE OF WEDGWOOD, intended as the "Potteries" memorial, is to be executed by Mr. E. Davis, the sculptor of the statues of the Duke of Rutland, at Leicester, and of General Nott, at Carmarthen. Mr. Davis has prepared a small model of the Wedgwood statue, representing the celebrated potter holding the Portland Vase in one hand, and directing attention to it with the other. The work, when finished, will be placed in the Railway Station Square at Stoke, the directors of the line—the North Staffordshire—having granted a site for the purpose.

MR. ALDERMAN COPELAND, M.P., has presented to the Museum of Lichfield a large collection of his best examples of Ceramic Art, chiefly of objects in statuary porcelain, in the production of which his works at Stoke-upon-Trent have taken the lead, and kept it, since the introduction of the material into Art; indeed, it is well known that to his establishment the world is indebted for this now popular addition to our sources of profitable commerce. At first it was generally considered a commercial failure; the articles were admired, but did not "pay;" and just at the moment when there was serious question of its abandonment, public appreciation came with its attendant recompense. Productions of this class may now be possessed by thousands.

AMONG her Majesty's recent purchases at the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, was a very charming drawing of "The Feast of Roses," by Mr. Henry Tidey. It is a work of size, and full of figures. When reviewing the collection, we spoke of this work as a production of considerable merit, and rejoice to find it added to the fine and extensive gallery of modern Art, in the possession of her Majesty and the Prince Consort.

DRAWING MODELS.—A series of rustic drawing models, designed by Mr. B. R. Green, produced and sold by Messrs. Rowney and Co., will be found of much service to the young student of perspective. The subjects are a cottage-door with steps, a hen-coop, a pigeon-house, a pump, and others. They are roughly executed, but on this account, perhaps, are not the less desirable, as they approximate the more closely to nature; and being coloured in imitation of realities, the identity is still more forcibly established. The cheapness of these models renders them easily attainable.

STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES.—A set of coloured stereographs, taken from the ceremonies, &c., of the Roman Catholic Church, has recently been published by Mr. A. W. Bennett. We confess that the subjects afford us no interest, but the gorgeousness of pontifical habiliments, and the attire of the "Blessed Virgin," and other ecclesiastical "material" of a like nature, may gratify others; and as Mr. Bennett's pictures display these in all their richness of ornament and colour, we can safely recommend the stereographs to those who may appreciate them more than we do. Of their merit as examples of the art, there can be no question; they are coloured with remarkable accuracy and care, and do great credit to the artist.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—Some time has now elapsed since Sir Edwin Landseer received the commission for the lions for the base of the Nelson column, but nothing is heard of their progress. It were desirable, as in all cases of public works, that a sketch of the artist's intentions should be exhibited; we know not whether it be proposed to place the lions in one uniform pose, or vary their attitudes. The Nelson monument has not been, as to its completion, one of our happiest essays: several of the artists who were employed upon it are dead, and Baily, who executed the statue on the column, has retired. Such progress in public works reminds us of Santa Croce, or the Cologne Cathedral, or of some of those continental edifices, of which one tower has been patiently and for centuries waiting for the others.—No answer has ever been given to the question, "Why was Jenner placed among the heroes?" We may, however, hope for an answer to the query, "When is he to be removed?"

AT THE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, several important and valuable lectures, by competent masters, are announced: an advertisement explains their nature.

THE GALLERY AT DULWICH.—Our readers should know that no ticket of any kind is now necessary to obtain admittance to this gallery.

REVIEWS.

HANDBOOK OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE. By Mrs. WILLIAM FISON. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Did we not know that in the present day ladies can, and do, write upon almost any subject to which they choose to give their attention, however foreign it may appear to the matters which are generally supposed to occupy the minds of the sex, we should have felt surprised to see a work of this kind from the pen of a female writer. But it is certainly something new to find a lady acting as a reporter for a weekly publication; yet we learn from the preface that Mrs. Fison was actually engaged by the editor of that useful and well-conducted cheap periodical the *Leisure Hour* to attend, and report, the proceedings of the British Association, when the society held its meeting at Cheltenham, in 1866: and right well, there is no doubt, she executed her commission, though we cannot say that her "report" ever came under our notice. It was, however, circulated as a separate publication, and with considerable success: it is this that has led to the appearance of the "Handbook."

That the investigations and labours of the British Association in the field of Science have been most profitably brought to bear on our social condition cannot truthfully be denied, though there are men, and educated men too, who are incredulous on this point: for example, a reverend dean addressed, in 1838, a letter of remonstrance to the Duke of Newcastle, who had consented to preside at the meeting that was held that year in the town from which his grace receives his title: this letter, printed and published, was entitled "On the Dangers of Peripatetic Philosophy." Mrs. Fison most satisfactorily answers any objections that might be made against these annual gatherings of the learned, and of those who desire to learn, in the following remarks:—"Slowly, but surely, has an appreciation of the benefits conferred by this 'Peripatetic' Association arisen in the minds of unscientific men. If its visits were considered merely in a pecuniary point of view, it would be allowed that a large influx of strangers into a town or city could not be unproductive of a considerable expenditure, the profits of which must be reaped by the inhabitants; but the advantages gained by those who are privileged to receive the Association are of a far higher character. To come into contact with the master-spirits of the age—the Herschels, the Brewsters, the Liebig, and the Murchisons, who, in devoting all their energies and talents to the furtherance of Science, become the benefactors of the whole human race—must have an influence upon those who, while they cannot equal such men in the discovery of scientific truth, may yet learn to appreciate their labours, and find their own intellectual faculties expand in so doing." It is really astonishing to find cavillers at such meetings as those of the British Association. Why, do not politicians meet in the House of Commons to discuss the affairs of the nation? do not men of every profession, including the clergy, meet to consider those matters in which they are most interested as professors, but in which the public also is interested? We have written "men of every profession," an exception, however, must be made of artists, who, unhappily, are not gregarious enough to meet for the advancement of their interests, else we should see Art and artists very differently circumstanced to what they are now.

A considerable part of Mrs. Fison's "Handbook" is appropriated to a report of the meeting of the association at Leeds, last year; while the rest of it is devoted to the discussion of the benefits conferred by the society on Science, and of the alleged deficiencies that have hitherto prevailed in our universities and schools, for obtaining instruction of a scientific nature. Other topics, relevant to the subject, are introduced, and handled with ability and good sound sense by the author. Her own observations, and those quoted from the writings and speeches of others, on the comparative ignorance of the principles of Art which characterises the majority of our Art-workmen, are unfortunately still but too true, though we trust the reproach is gradually becoming more restricted in its application.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by R. N. WORNUM. Part III. Published by J. S. VINTAGE, London.

Another capital number of this publication, which is one that ought to find—and there is little doubt it does—extensive patronage, especially in the country that claims the honour of giving birth to the greatest landscape-painter of this or any other time. The more we see of Turner's pictures, the more

they impress us with the vastness and comprehensiveness of his genius, the grandeur and poetry of his thoughts, the originality of his mind, and with his power to grasp the materials of the natural world, and make them subservient to his purpose in Art.

Of the three plates included in this part, the first will assuredly claim most notice, for it is from a picture none would suppose to be the work of Turner—"The Country Blacksmith," might have been painted by some of the old Dutch painters, by Teniers, or Ostade, for example, or more probably still, by our own Wilkie; but, certainly, if it were not known to be Turner's, no one would think of assigning it to him. It leads us to inquire somewhat curiously what would have been the result if the artist had turned his attention to rustic interiors, village ale-houses, rural weddings, and harvest-home fêtes. That he would have become great in these none can doubt who look at this composition; there are few, however, who do not rejoice that he found greater attractions in the glorious sea, the everlasting hills, the wide expanse of wood and meadow, the air and the sunshine—in all that is of nature born—than in white-washed cottages, or the smoky atmosphere of a village tap-room. The picture in question was painted in 1807; it is small, but is full of subject-matter, the whole of which is represented with the utmost attention to detail, and with a masterly effect of light and shade. The engraving, by Mr. C. W. Sharpe, is executed with great firmness and brilliancy of colour.

"Orange-Merchantman going to pieces" is the subject of the next engraving, from the *burin* of Mr. R. Wallis. The picture, painted in 1819, exhibits a wreck on the bar of the Meuse. The storm has passed away, but masses of cloud, through which the sunshine breaks on the distant water, are rolling across the blue sky; the ground-swell still lifts the surface of the sea into long, heavy waves, through which boats of various sizes and shapes are ploughing their way to and from the wreck, the surface of the water being dotted with the fruit that has escaped from the stranded vessel: these bright yellow spots have a strange appearance on the canvas, but they are so skilfully introduced as to enrich the colour of the picture without disturbing its harmony. The style of this work belongs to Turner's best time.

The last engraving in the part is "Rain, Steam, and Speed," painted in 1844; it is one of those extraordinary fancies, in which the artist indulged, more especially, towards the close of his life: but what a wonderful composition it is! how full of the poetry of Art! The line of railway arches stretches, in imagination, miles along the open country, towering above the landscape on each side; in the immediate foreground is a wide river, which seems swollen into a torrent, and is rushing rapidly between the arches of the railway; while amid the hot, surging mist, and the driving rain, comes the swift iron-horse, breasting the storm, and leaving its trail of white foam far behind. As a presumed representation of nature, the picture is characterized by numerous improbabilities, if not impossibilities, but as a poet-painter's dream, it is exquisitely beautiful. The engraving is by Mr. R. Brandard, who has grappled boldly with the difficulties of the subject, and has produced one of the best prints, on a small scale, after Turner, that we have seen for a long time.

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, F.L.S., &c. Part VI. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

Mr. Wood continues to carry on this serial publication with spirit and energy. The sixth part, now on our table, is devoted principally to the history of dogs; and here we find the pride of the sportsman, the pet of the drawing-room, the terror of the burglar,—dogs of all kinds and sizes,—accurately described by one who has studied their "points" and qualities, and pictorially represented by artists who have done their work as accurately. The woodcuts, admirably engraved by Messrs. Dalziel, from drawings by Wolf, Harvey, Weir, Coleman, and others, are capital, and there is an abundance of them; almost every page has its illustration. We have rarely seen finer specimens of wood-engraving from natural history, than the majority of these.

PERSPECTIVE. By G. B. MOORE. Published by WALTON & MABERLEY, London.

A pamphlet of a few pages, written by the author as an appendix to his larger work, "Perspective: its Principles and Practice." The rules laid down are intended to apply the science to sketching from nature, more especially to the delineation of buildings; they are simple and to the point.

AN INTRODUCTION TO EARLY CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM. By WILLIAM PALMER, M.A. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This is a little work descriptive of fourteen compositions from fresco-paintings, glasses, and sculptured sarcophagi, found in the catacombs of Rome, and which belong to the early periods of Christianity. These compositions, which have been copied by Mr. Palmer, who has sent out his book as a kind of *avant courier* to the more important publication. In the absence of the prints we cannot tell how far Mr. Palmer's readings are borne out by the works themselves: he treats the subjects with great minuteness of detail. His opinion is that the paintings and glasses of these fourteen compositions exhibit the Christianity of the third century, though possibly some one or other of them may belong to the second, and several of them to the fourth. The sculptures from Christian sarcophagi at Rome, and in the two examples introduced from the sarcophagi at Arles, which have also been used in these compositions, represent the symbolism of the fourth and fifth centuries. These sculptures are presumed to hold the same place in the crypts of the earliest basilicas founded under Constantine and his successors, as the frescoes and glasses held in the catacombs of the first three centuries.

STUDIES FROM THE GREAT MASTERS. Engraved and Printed in Colours. By W. DICKES. Part VII. Published by HAMILTON, ADAMS and Co., London.

Quintin Matsys's "Misers," and A. Caracci's "Three Maries at the Sepulchre," are the prints in Part VII. of Mr. Dickes's "Studies." The former is capitally rendered; the drawing and expression of the figures are good, and the colouring quite brilliant. The other, from Lord Carliale's celebrated picture, pleases us less, but only because the "Misers" is really excellent. Caracci's painting offers, in the peculiar and varied feeling of the women, greater difficulties to overcome than the hard and furrowed faces of the old Dutch women; the body of the dead Christ is unexceptionable, as a print, in colour and drawing. Such works of Art as these—and they are quite worthy of the name—at a shilling each, are among the marvels of this enterprising age.

THE BOY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. Published by HOUSTON & WRIGHT, London.

There are few young boys, we are persuaded, who will not receive this book as a welcome birthday present, for it is full of amusement and instruction, both admirably blended. The first and longest story describes the ascent—presumed, of course—of three "fellows," youths between fourteen and seventeen, up Mont Blanc: it is capitally told, and "old boys," or fathers, might read and relish it. Then there is another entitled, "Young Giants," a kind of biographical sketch of the lives of a few illustrious Englishmen, the heroes of Art, industry, and patriotism. "A Tale of a Fin," "Buffalo Hunting in the Philippines," "The Australian Shepherd Boys," by W. Howitt; "Grandfather Pigtail's Story," by G. A. Sala; "Uncle Jack's Birthday Tale," by Mrs. S. C. Hall; and many more, all of which will help to while away an hour or two of the approaching long evenings, when boys are at a loss for something to do. The names of the authors are not appended to all the tales, but besides those mentioned, we find on the title-page, Augustus Mayhew and Thomas Miller among the contributors. It is amply illustrated.

ART, AND HOW TO ENJOY IT: a Reply to the Question, "How shall I know a good Picture?" Addressed to Amateurs interested in Painting. By E. HOPLEY. Published by Low, Son, and Co., London.

A little work, written originally for the benefit of the members of a private conversazione, and, at their request, now made public. Mr. Hopley's essay deserves to be wider known than the limited circle to whom it was read; for though it contains nothing which those who have studied Art do not know, his remarks will be of service to such as are ignorant of good Art: the principles upon which this is constituted are laid down simply and without dogmatism; they are such as he who runs may read. We have an abundance of Art-patrons in the country, but if the majority of them knew more about the subject for which they pay their guinea liberally than they do, we should have far better Art than that we too frequently see, and it would not cost a fraction more. Artists who can sell almost anything they choose to paint, are little likely to elevate the standard of their works so long as the public remain satisfied.

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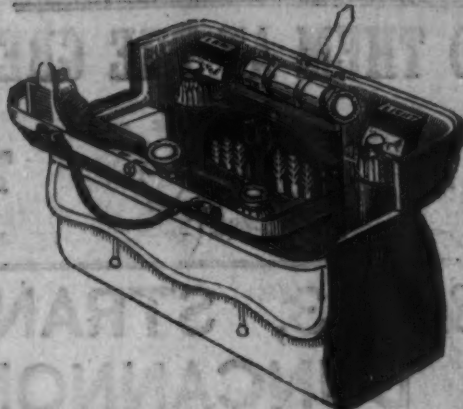
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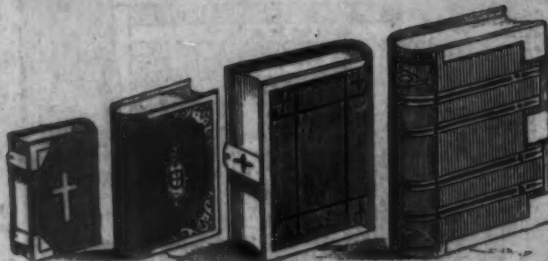
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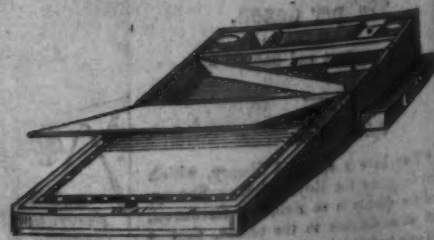
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